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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. IV. 8vo. pp. 426. Edinburgh, 1831. W. Tait.

WHEN we say that this work proceeds as it commenced, we give it at once the highest and the justest praise. The most minute research, the most laborious investigation, the most dispassionate comparison, and the most enlightened conclusions—such are only some of the merits of this great and valuable undertaking. In philosophy, in poetry, in romance, the literature of Scotland has abounded; but in history she has been deficient; not in historical efforts, witness Hume and Robertson; but a history of Scotland has long been a desideratum. Buchanan allowed himself to be blinded by his fierce republican prejudices; and Pinkerton, though acute in his conclusions, was excluded from many sources of information laid open to his more fortunate successor. Mr. Tytler has happily united (a most uncommon merit, by the by) the patient and investigating spirit of the antiquary with the enlarged and liberal views of the historian. Let any reader compare Buchanan's account of James III. with the present author's; or the minority of the same monarch by Pinkerton; and for a just and unprejudiced summary in the one case, and for accuracy founded on careful comparison of documents in the other, he will soon find the immeasurable superiority of Mr. Tytler. To instance one case among many, Pinkerton erroneously states the Livingstones to have owed their fall and destruction to Lord Douglas; Mr. Tytler shows in the clearest manner that it was the act of the king himself. He also rectifies another very important blunder of Buchanan, who was quite mistaken in supposing that the custody of the young monarch was in the hands of Crichton, the charge having, in reality, been intrusted to Livingstone, as documents preserved in the Auchinleck Chronicle testify. Or, to mention one more instance, let the reader observe the difference between Buchanan's inaccurate and often confused account of the conspiracy of the Boyds, and Mr. Tytler's luminous statements, authenticated by curious and careful investigation. We are aware, that in our limits it is not possible to do Mr. Tytler justice; but at least we can point the reader's attention to the labour that must have been often employed to smooth away the difficulties of a single page. The view taken of James III.'s character is so admirable an historical summary, that we must find room for it entire.

"Thus perished in the prime of life, and the victim of a conspiracy headed by his own son, James III. of Scotland; a prince whose character appears to have been misrepresented and mistaken by writers of two very different parties, and whose real disposition is to be sought for neither in the mistaken aspersions of Buchanan, nor in the vague and indiscriminate panegyric of some later authors. Buchanan, misled by the attacks of a faction,

whose interest it was to paint the monarch whom they had deposed and murdered, as weak, unjust, and abandoned to low pleasures, has exaggerated the picture by his own prejudices and antipathies; other writers, amongst whom Abercromby is the most conspicuous, have, with an equal aberration from the truth, represented him as almost faultless. That James had any design, similar to that of his able and energetic grandfather, of raising the kingly power upon the ruins of the nobility, is an assertion not only unsupported by any authentic testimony, but contradicted by the facts which are already before the reader. That he was cruel, or tyrannical is an unfounded aspersion, ungraciously proceeding from those who had experienced his repeated lenity, and who, in the last fatal scenes of his life, abused his ready forgiveness to compass his ruin. That he murdered his brother is an untruth, emanating from the same source, contradicted by the highest contemporary evidence, and abandoned by his worst enemies as too ridiculous to be stated at a time when they were anxiously collecting every possible accusation against him. Yet it figures in the classical pages of Buchanan; a very convincing proof of the slight examination which that great man was accustomed to bestow upon any story which coincided with his preconceived opinions, and flattered his prejudices against monarchy. Equally unfounded was that imputation, so strongly urged against this prince by his insurgent nobles, that he had attempted to accomplish the perpetual subjection of the realm to England. His brother Albany had truly done so; and the original records of his negotiations, and of his homage sworn to Edward, remain to this day, although we in vain look for an account of this extraordinary intrigue in the pages of the popular historians. In this attempt to destroy the independence of the kingdom, it is equally certain that Albany was supported by a great proportion of the nobility, who now rose against the king, and whose names appear in the contemporary muniments of the period; but we in vain look in the pages of the *Fœdera*, or in the rolls of Westminster and the Tower, for an atom of evidence to shew that James, in his natural anxiety for assistance against a rebellion of his own subjects, had ceased for a moment to treat with Henry the Seventh as an independent sovereign. So far, indeed, from this being the case, we know that, at a time when conciliation was necessary, he refused to benefit himself by sacrificing any portion of his kingdom, and insisted on the re-delivery of Berwick with an obstinacy which in all probability disgusted the English monarch, and rendered him lukewarm in his support. James's misfortunes, in truth, are to be attributed more to the extraordinary circumstances of the times in which he lived, than to any very marked defects in the character or conduct of the monarch himself, although both were certainly far from blameless. At this period, in almost every kingdom in Europe with which Scotland was connected, the power of the great feudal

nobles and that of the sovereign had been arrayed in jealous and mortal hostility against each other. The time appeared to have arrived in which both parties seemed convinced that they were on the very confines of a great change, and that the sovereignty of the throne must either sink under the superior strength of the greater nobles, or the tyranny and independence of these feudal tyrants receive a blow from which it would not be easy for them to recover. In this struggle another remarkable feature is to be discerned. The nobles, anxious for a leader, and eager to procure some counterpoise to the weight of the king's name and authority, generally attempted to seduce the heir-apparent, or some one of the royal family, to favour their designs, bribing him to dethrone his parent or relation by the promise of placing him immediately upon the vacant throne. The principles of loyalty, and the respect for hereditary succession, as established by the laws of the country, were thus diluted in their strength, and weakened in their conservative effects; and from the constant intercourse, both commercial and political, which existed between Scotland and the other countries of Europe, the examples of kings, resisted or deposed by their nobles, and monarchs imprisoned by their children, were not lost upon the fervid and restless genius of the Scottish aristocracy. In France, indeed, the struggle had terminated under Louis the Eleventh in favour of the crown; but the lesson to be derived from it was not the less instructive to the Scottish nobility. In Flanders and the states of Holland, they had before them the spectacle of an independent prince deposed and imprisoned by his son; and in Germany, the reign of Frederic the Third, which was contemporaneous with our James the Third, presented one constant scene of struggle and discontent between the emperor and his nobility, in which this weak and capricious potentate was uniformly defeated. In the struggle in Scotland, which ended by the death of the unfortunate monarch, it is important to observe, that although the pretext used by the barons was the resistance to royal oppression, and the establishment of liberty, the middle classes and the great body of the people took no share. They did not side with the nobles, whose efforts on this occasion were entirely selfish and exclusive. On the contrary, so far as they were represented by the commissaries of the burghs who sat in parliament, they joined the party of the king and the clergy, by whom very frequent efforts were made to introduce a more effectual administration of justice, and a more constant respect for the rights of individuals, and the protection of property. With this object, laws were promulgated; and alternate threats and exhortations upon these subjects are to be found in the record of each successive parliament; but the offenders continued refractory, and these offenders, it was notorious to the whole country, were the nobility and their dependants. The very men whose important offices ought, if conscientiously administered,

to have secured the rights of the great body of the people—the justiciars, chancellors, chamberlains, sheriffs, and others—were often their worst oppressors; partial and venal in their administration of justice; severe in their exactions of obedience; and decided in their opposition to every right which interfered with their own power. Their interest and their privileges, as feudal nobles, came into collision with their duties as servants and officers of the government; and the consequence was apparent in the remarkable fact, that, in the struggle between the crown and the aristocracy, wherever the greater offices were in the hands of the clergy, they generally supported the sovereign; but wherever they were intrusted to the nobility, they almost uniformly combined against him. When we find the popular historians departing so widely from the truth, in the false and partial colouring which they have thrown over the history of this reign, we may be permitted to receive their personal character of the monarch with considerable suspicion. James's great fault seems to have been a devotion to studies and accomplishments which, in this rude and warlike age, were deemed unworthy of his rank and dignity. He was an enthusiast in music, and took great delight in architecture, and the construction of splendid and noble palaces and buildings; he was fond of rich and gorgeous dresses, and ready to spend large sums in the encouragement of the most skilful and curious workers in gold and steel; and the productions of these artists, their inlaid armour, massive gold chains, and jewelled-hilted daggers, were purchased by him at high prices; whilst they themselves were admitted, if we believe the same writers, to an intimacy and friendship with the sovereign which disgusted the nobility. The true account of this was, probably, that James received these ingenious artisans into his palace, where he gave them employment and took pleasure in superintending their labours—an amusement for which he might have pleaded the example of some of the wisest and most popular sovereigns. But the barons, for whose rude and unintellectual society the monarch shewed little predilection, returned the neglect with which they were unwisely treated, by pouring contempt and ridicule upon the pursuits to which he was devoted. Cochrane, the architect, whose genius in an art which, in its higher branches, is eminently intellectual, had raised him to favour with the king, was stigmatised as a low mason. Rogers, whose musical compositions were fitted to refine and improve the barbarous taste of the age, and whose works were long after highly esteemed in Scotland, was ridiculed as a common fiddler or buffoon; and other artists, whose talents had been warmly encouraged by the sovereign, were treated with the same indignity. It would be absurd, however, from the evidence of such interested witnesses, to form our opinion of the true character of his favourites, as they have been termed, or of the encouragement which they received from the sovereign. To the Scottish barons of this age, Phidias would have been but a marble-cutter, and Apelles no better than the artisan who stained their oaken wainscot. The error of the king lay, not so much in the encouragement of ingenuity and excellence, as in the indolent neglect of those duties and cares of government which were in no degree incompatible with his patronage of the fine arts. Had he possessed the energy and powerful intellect of his grandfather—had he devoted the greater portion of his time to the administra-

tion of justice, to a friendly intercourse with his feudal nobles, and a strict and watchful superintendence of their conduct in the offices intrusted to them, he might safely have employed his leisure in any way most agreeable to him; but it happened to the monarch, as it has to many a devotee of taste and sensibility, that a too exquisite perception of excellence in the fine arts, and an enthusiastic addictiveness to the studies intimately connected with them, in exclusion of the performance of ordinary duties, produced an indolent refinement, and fastidious delicacy of mind, which shrunk from common exertion, and transformed a character originally full of intellectual and moral promise, into that of a secluded, but not unamiable misanthropist. Nothing can justify the king's inattention to the cares of government, and the recklessness with which he shut his ears to the complaints and remonstrances of his nobility; but that he was cruel, unjust, or unforgiving—that he was a selfish and avaricious voluptuary—or that he drew down upon himself, by these dark portions of his character, the merited execration and vengeance of his nobles, is a representation founded on no authentic evidence, and contradicted by the uniform history of his reign and of his misfortunes."

We subjoin one or two miscellaneous extracts:

"An anecdote preserved by the historian of Brittany, acquaints us with the character of the princess, and the opinions of John, surnamed the Good and Wise, as to the qualifications of a wife. On requiring from his ambassadors, immediately after their return from Scotland, their opinion regarding the lady, he received for answer, that she was beautiful, elegantly formed, and in the bloom and vigour of health; but remarkably silent—not so much, as it appeared to them, from discretion as from extreme simplicity. 'Dear friends,' said John the Good and Wise, 'return speedily and bring her to me. She is the very woman I have been long in search of. By St. Nicholas! a wife seems to my mind sufficiently acute, if she can tell the difference between her husband's shirt and his shirt-ruffle.'"

One of the parliamentary decrees was very curious: "It relates to that description of persons who, disdaining all regular labour, have ever been, in the eyes of the civil magistrate, a perverse and hateful generation, 'sorners, out-lyars, masterful beggars, fools, bards, and runners about.' For the putting away of all such vexatious and rude persons, who travel through the country with their horses, hounds, and other property, all sheriffs, barons, aldermen, and bailies, either without or within burgh, are strictly directed to make inquiry into this matter at every court which they hold; and, in the event of any such individuals being discovered, their horses, hounds, and other property, are to be immediately confiscated to the crown, and they themselves put in prison till such time as the king 'have his will of them.' And it is also commanded by the parliament, that the same officers, when they hold their courts, shall make inquiry whether there be any persons that follow the profession of 'fools,' or such-like runners about, who do not belong to the class of bards; and if such be discovered, they are to be put in prison or in irons for such trespass, as long as they have any goods or substance of their own to live upon. If they have nothing to live upon, it is directed that 'their ears are to be nailed to the Tron, or to any other tree, and then cut off, and they themselves banished the country, to which if they return again, they are upon their first apprehension to be hanged.'"

Sumptuary law:—"In a parliament of James the First, held in the year 1429, this subject had attracted the attention of the legislature; and the present necessity of a revision of the laws against immoderate costliness in apparel, indicates an increasing wealth and prosperity in the country. 'Seeing,' it declares, 'that each estate has been greatly impoverished through the sumptuous clothing of men and women, especially within the burghs, and amongst the commonalty 'to landward,' the lords think it speedful that restriction of such vanity should be made in this manner:—first, no man within burgh that lives by merchandise, except he be a person of dignity, as one of the aldermen or bailies, or other good worthy men that are of the council of the town, shall either himself wear, or allow his wife to wear, clothes of silk, or costly scarlet gowns, or furring of mertricks; and they are directed to take especial care 'to make their wives and daughters to be habited in a manner correspondent to their estate; that is to say, on their heads short curches, with little hoods, such as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries; and as to the gowns, no woman should wear mertricks or letvis, or tails of unbefitting length, nor trimmed with furs, except on holidays.' In like manner, it was ordered, 'that poor gentlemen living in the country, whose property was within forty pounds, of old extent, should regulate their dress according to the same standard; whilst amongst the lower classes, no labourers or husbandmen were to wear on their work-days any other stuff than gray or white cloth, and on holidays, light blue, green, or red—their wives dressing correspondently, and using curches of their own making: and the stuff they wore was not to exceed the price of forty pence the ell. No woman was to come to the kirk or market with her face 'mussalit,' or covered, so that she might not be known, under the penalty of forfeiting the curch. And as to the clerks, no one was to wear gowns of scarlet, or furring of mertricks, unless he were a dignified officer in a cathedral or college-church, or a nobleman or doctor, or a person having an income of two hundred marks. And these orders touching the dresses of the community were to be immediately published throughout the country, and carried into peremptory and rigorous execution.'"

The following anecdote is very illustrative of the spirit of the age.

"Ross immediately assembled his army, and proclaimed himself King of the Hebrides. He then invaded the country of Athole, published a proclamation, that no one should dare to obey the officers of King James—commanded all taxes to be henceforth paid to him—and, after a cruel and wasteful progress, concluded the expedition by storming the castle of Blair, and dragging the Earl and Countess of Athole from the chapel and sanctuary of St. Bridget, to a distant prison in Isla. Thrice did he attempt, if we may believe the Catholic historian, to fire the holy pile which he had plundered—thrice the destructive element refused its office—and a storm of thunder and lightning, in which the greater part of his war-galleys were sunk, and the rich booty with which they were loaded consigned to the deep, was universally ascribed to the wrath of Heaven, which had armed the elements against the abettor of sacrilege and murder. It is certain, at least, that this idea had fixed itself with all the strength of remorse and superstition in the mind of the bold and savage leader himself; and such was the strength of the feeling, that

he became moody and almost distracted. Commanding his principal leaders and soldiers to strip themselves to their shirt and drawers, and assuming himself the same ignominious garb, he collected the relics of his plunder, and, proceeding with bare feet and a dejected and haggard aspect to the chapel which he had so lately stained with blood, he and his attendants performed before the altar an ignominious penance. The Earl and Countess of Athole were immediately set free from their prison; and Ross, abandoned as it was supposed by Heaven, was not long after assassinated in the castle of Inverness, by an Irish harper whose resentment he had provoked."

We now close the present volume; and Mr. Tytler cannot do better than let us have its successor as soon as possible. This history is a most valuable addition to literature; for it displays that laborious research upon which we have elsewhere, in this sheet, and in former *Gazettes*, insisted as essential to genuine, in opposition to philosophical history, ascribing motives and fancying causes.

*A Memoir of Sebastian Cabot; with a Review of the History of Maritime Discovery. Illustrated by Documents from the Rolls, now first published. 8vo. pp. 333. London, 1831. Hurst, Chance, and Co.*

In our summary last week of Mr. Stewart's admirable Catalogue of the Papers in Hatfield House, we noticed, among the remarkable points which it set in a new light, an address of Robert Thorne to Henry VIII. respecting discoveries of America, (see p. 401, col. 3), and a north-west passage to Cathay. We were then little aware how soon we should find that quotation connected with a very interesting work:—such is the volume before us.

Put forth in the most unpretending manner, and without a name, the *Memoir of Sebastian Cabot* is of paramount importance to the subject of which it treats, and a striking contribution to our very early naval history. Confined to an individual and a specific period by his own choice, the author has thoroughly sifted and investigated both. In doing so, he has corrected many grave errors, and, in general, given us a clearer insight into transactions of considerable national interest. That his tone in reprehending the carelessness and the mistakes of his predecessors, is more ill-tempered than their offences seem to demand, will appear to every reader. He should have remembered, that the same minute diligence and pains which a man may bestow upon a particular inquiry,—upon the life of one person, and the events belonging to it,—it would be utterly impossible for any human being to bestow in the same proportion upon a whole series of biographies, and the annals of a thousand years. The author, whoever he is, certainly found out, from authentic documents, never yet consulted, that many misrepresentations disfigured the received accounts of the matters he sought to examine; but a knowledge of this fact, as applicable to every other period, has long been notorious to all observant minds; and he had no occasion to be so angry therewith, and call names thereupon. After the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, his son Horace, wishing to amuse him one evening, offered to read him some historical work. "Any thing," exclaimed the old statesman, "but history, that must be false!" And Gibbon says, "Malheureux sort de l'histoire! Les spectateurs sont trop peu instruits, et les acteurs trop intéressés pour que nous puissions compter sur les récits des uns ou des autres." Without seal, however, an antiquary is not

worth a brass farthing; and we readily excuse the writer's irascibility, in honour of his just principles and indefatigable exertions.

Cabot is his hero; and Cabot, defrauded of much of his honest fame, deserves to be his hero. Him he defends à l'outrance, and has no mercy on those who have been accessory to the least infringement of his maritime glory,—from Hakluyt, Fabyan, and Purchas, to Harris, Pinkerton, and Barrow, nor forgetting Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, nor Lesslie and Murray's *Edinburgh Cabinet Library*:—he smites the infidels on the hip whenever they stumble. But it is, after all, not a little amusing to trace the errors from their origin, through all the filtrations of succeeding copyists and compilers, who rarely (as we have more than once remarked), take the trouble to do more than apothecaries do with their bottles,—jumble them together, or pour from one into another, till the compound looks quite another thing, and of another colour: yet it contains only the same ingredients.

On the contrary, our anonymous author has compared, and analysed, and added, till the result has been a closer approximation to truth than hitherto attained. His great sources are, Richard Eden's *Decades of the New World*,\* a work which deserves to have been more referred to than the writers on maritime discovery have been aware of; and the invaluable documents in the *Rolls Chapel*, especially the second royal patent to Cabot, of the 3d Feb. 1498.

Where a work is so essentially controversial as this is, it is difficult to review its leading arguments without going at greater length than we can go into the statements made, repeated, questioned, and refuted. We fear, therefore, that we shall be able to do little more than direct public attention to the *Memoir of Cabot*.

The first patent extant was granted by Henry VII. in the 11th year of his reign (March 5, 1496), to John Cabot† and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian, and Sancius, and "authorises them, their heirs, or deputies, to 'sail to all parts, countries, and seas of the east, of the west, and of the north, under our banners and ensigns, with five ships of what burthen or quantity soever they be, and as many mariners or men as they will have with them in the said ships, upon their own proper costs and charges, to seek out, discover, and find whatsoever isles, countries, regions, or provinces of the heathen and infidels, whatsoever they be, and in what part of the world soever they be, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians.' It is plain, that a previous discovery, so far from being assigned as the ground for the patent, as Harris, Pinkerton, &c. assert, is negatived by its very terms. The patent would be inapplicable to any region previously visited by either of the Cabots, and confer no right.

"The second patent is dated the third of February, in the thirteenth year of the reign of

\* Published in 1555,—a black-letter volume, and apparently well worth republication. "It consists of a translation of the three first books of Peter Martyr d'Angleria, to which he has subjoined extracts from various other works, of an early date, on kindred subjects; and amongst the rest, this passage of Ramusio" (a passage much discussed, as having been falsified by subsequent authors) "is given (fol. 251) as found in the 'Italian Histories of Navigations.' Eden was, as appears from his book, a personal friend of Cabot." The question at issue is, whether Cabot reached 67° or only about 56° N. lat.; our author maintaining the former opinion from Ramusio, and shewing the later variations to be erroneous.

† John Cabot was a Venetian invited to England; his son, Sebastian, told Eden that he, Sebastian, was born at Bristol.

Henry VII., corresponding with 3d February, 1498. The only evidence heretofore published on the subject, is contained in a brief memorandum found in Hakluyt (vol. iii. p. 6), who, we are persuaded, never saw the original. The person, also, who gave him the information of its existence, probably did not go beyond a list of the titles of instruments of that description kept for convenient reference. The memorandum of Hakluyt is as follows:—"The king, upon the third day of February, in the thirteenth year of his reign, gave license to John Caboto to take six English ships in any haven or havens of the realm of England, being of the burden of two hundred tons or under, with all necessary furniture, and to take also into the said ships all such masters, mariners, and subjects of the king as willingly would go with him," &c. Such being the whole of the information supplied, it is no wonder, that the most erroneous conjectures have been started. Dr. Robertson (*History of America*, book ix.) falls into the trap prepared by Hakluyt, as to the dates. "This commission [the first] was granted on March 5th, 1495, in less than two years after the return of Columbus from America. But Cabot (for that is the name he assumed in England, and by which he is best known) did not set out on his voyage for two years." Dr. Robertson makes no express reference to the second commission; and having adopted Hakluyt's perversion in referring that of the eleventh Henry VII. to 1495, he naturally fell into the other, and regarded the order of the thirteenth year of Henry VII. as merely a final permission for the departure of the expedition, made out on the eve of its sailing."

The author proceeds to shew, that Lediard, in his *Naval History of England*, Forster, Pinkerton, and their followers, continued utterly to misrepresent the real state of the case; and his view is confirmed by the important document thus introduced and subjoined.

"All this obscurity will now disappear. After a tedious search there has been found, at the *Rolls Chapel*, the original patent of 3d February, 1498. The following is an exact copy:—"Memorandum quod tertio die Februarii anno regni Regis Henrici Septimi xiii. ista Billa delibata fuit Domino Cancellario Anglie apud Westmonasterium exequenda.—To the Kinge. Please it your highness of your most noble and habundaunt grace to graunte to John Kabotto, Venecian, your graciosus lettres patents in due forme to be made according to the tenor hereafter ensuyng, and he shall continually praye to God for the preservation of your moste noble and roiall estate longe to endure.—H. R. Rex. To all men to whom theis presentels shall come send gretynge: Knowe ye that we of our grace especiall, and for dyvers causis us moving, we have geven and graunted, and by theis presentels geve and graunte to our welbelovyd John Kabotto, Venecian, sufficiente auctorite and power, that he, by him his deputie or deputies sufficient, may take at his pleasure VI Englische shippes in any porte or portes or other place within this our realme of England or obeisance, so that and if the said shippes be of the bourdeyn of CC. tonnes or under, with their apparail requisite and necessarie for the safe conduct of the said shippes, and them convey and lede to the londe and isles of late founde by the seid John in oure name and by our commande-mente. Paying for theym and every of theym as and if we should in or for our owen cause paye and noon otherwise. And that the said John, by hym his deputie or deputies sufficient,



maye take and receyve into the said shippes, and every of them all such maisters, maryners, pages, and other subjects as of their owen free wille woll goo and passe with him in the same shippes to the said londe or isles, withoute anye impedymente, lett or perturbatione of any of our officers or ministres or subjects whatsoever they be by theym to the seyd John, his deputie, or deputies, and all other our seid subjects or any of theym passinge with the seyd John in the said shippes to the said londe or isles to be doon, or suffer to be doon or attempted. Giving in commaundement to all and every our officers, ministres and subjects seying or heryng thies our lettres patents, without any further commaundement by us to theym or any of theym to be geven to performe and socour the said John, his deputie and all our said subjects so passyng with hym according to the tenor of theis our lettres patentis. Any statute, acte or ordinance to the contrarye made or to be made in any wise notwithstanding. • • •

"Will it not (inquires the writer with just astonishment) be deemed almost incredible that the very document in the records of England, which recites the great discovery, and plainly contemplates a scheme of colonisation, should, up to this moment, have been treated by her own writers as the one which first gave the permission to go forth and explore? Nay, this very instrument has been used as an argument against the pretensions of England; for it has been asked by foreigners who have made the computation, and seen through the mistake of Pinkerton and the rest, why the patent of 3d February, 1498, took no notice of discoveries pretended to have been made the year before. The question is now triumphantly answered. The importance of negating a notion that the English discoveries were subsequent to the patent of the 13th Henry VII., will strikingly appear, on reference to the claim of Americus Vesputius. The truth as now established places beyond all question—even crediting the doubtful assertions of Vesputius—the priority of Cabot's discovery over that of the lucky Florentine. The map in Queen Elizabeth's gallery made no false boast in declaring that on the 24th June, 1497, the English expedition discovered that land *quam nullus prius adire ausus fuit*."

"One fact is too remarkable not to claim especial notice. Amerigo Vesputi accompanied Hojeda, and it is now agreed that this was the first occasion on which he crossed the Atlantic. Sebastian Cabot was found prosecuting his third voyage from England. Yet, while the name of one overspreads the new world, no bay, cape, or headland, recalls the memory of the other. While the falsehoods of one have been diffused with triumphant success, England has suffered to moulder in obscurity, in one of the lanes of the metropolis, the very record which establishes the discovery effected by her great seaman fourteen months before Columbus beheld the continent, and two years before the lucky Florentine had been west of the Canaries."

The distinction between the two voyages of 1497 and 1498, seems, indeed, to clear up all the obscurity and misapprehension which has been heaped upon this memorable event.

Sebastian Cabot's future adventures in the service of Spain, which he entered in 1512, and even in our own, though extremely interesting, (we allude to his famous voyage in 1517, in search of a north-west passage,) do not demand

\* The name of the vessel which first touched the shores of the American continent is not without interest. The *Matthew*, of Bristol, had that proud distinction.

so much of our consideration, and we shall therefore simply refer for the account of them to the volume before us; to which we find, however, we must return to investigate several collateral matters which we think deserving of more space than we can this week bestow. Meanwhile, we recommend the work as one of great value and interest.

*History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest of England by William of Normandy.* By Henry Wheaton, Hon. Member of the Scandinavian and Icelandic Literary Societies at Copenhagen. 8vo. pp. 367. London, 1831. Murray.

OUR mixed descent gives us a national interest in the antiquities of those countries where the northern ancestry of at least a portion of the English people existed in days of yore; nor are we less connected with them by the ties of a common literature. Any work, therefore, calculated to illustrate the epoch of the seakings, and the origin of those wild tales and legends which under so many forms have been the study and delight of every succeeding age; to make us acquainted with the learning, the manners, and the deeds, of our remarkable progenitors,—must be most acceptable to the public. We have great pleasure in saying that the volume before us is not only rich in stores of this kind, but is executed in so popular a way, that it is equally adapted to entertain the general reader, and interest the more curious inquirer. Every page bears a reference to ancient customs, books, and traditions, which we are apt to consider peculiarly our own, or with which we are in some measure connected; and so far from being a foreign history, we could hardly point to a work that comes more home to our minds. For the present, we shall offer one continuous extract as a specimen of the ability with which it is written.

"The man to whom his country's history and literature are most indebted, is the celebrated Snorre Sturleson, whose great historical work has justly earned for him the title of the Northern Herodotus. He was born in the year 1178, at Hvamm, on the Hvamsfjord, a small bay on the western coast of Iceland. His father, Sturla, commonly called Hvammsturla, from the place of his residence, was a distinguished chieftain in that part of Iceland, and, as well as his mother, was connected with the most illustrious families of the island. They traced their descent from the ancient kings of Norway and Sweden, of the Ynling race, and from the Jarls of Mære, from whom sprung Rollo and the other dukes of Normandy, with the English kings of the Norman line. They could also enumerate among their ancestors the famous Ragnar Lodbrok, whose romantic story is so conspicuous in the early annals of the North. Snorre was named after the pontiff, Snorre Godi, who figures so conspicuously in the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, and whom both he and his father, Hvammsturla, seemed to have resembled in character. At the early age of three years, he was sent to Oddé, the former residence of Sæmund Sigfusson, and placed under the guardianship and direction of Jon Loptson, grandson of Sæmund, who inherited both the wealth and the learning of his ancestor. Here young Snorre remained until his twentieth year, and received a finished education both in the Greek and Roman literature, and in that of his native country. He had here access to all the manuscripts and other collections made both by Sæmund and by Ari Frode, relating to the poetry, history, and my-

thology of the heathen North. He was thus placed at what might be called, in their own poetical language, the fountain of Mimir—the source of inspiration, when he acquired that knowledge and cultivated those arts by which he was afterwards to be so much distinguished. 'Here,' he might say, in the words of the *Hávamál*, in allusion to 'the seat of eloquence, close by the fountain of wisdom:—'

'I sat and was silent,  
I saw and reflected,  
I listened to that which was told.'

On the death of his tutor, with whom he remained sixteen years, Snorre left Oddé in 1197, and married the daughter of a rich priest at Borg on the Borgafjord, by which he increased his small patrimonial inheritance with a fortune of 4,000 rix-dollars, a very considerable sum of money for that age and country. This property was augmented by the inheritance of Borg, to which he succeeded on the death of his father, and by the acquisition of Reykholt, and other estates in that fertile valley. He thus became, in a short time, by far the richest individual on the island, both in lands, and flocks and herds, arms, clothes, utensils, and books. This immense wealth, with his consummate talents, address, and eloquence, gave him proportional power and influence in the community. He sometimes appeared in the Althing, or general national assembly, with a retinue of several hundred armed followers. He removed his residence, in 1202, from Borg to the farm of Reykholt, situate in the Borgafjord, on the south-west coast of the island, in the midst of that wonderful volcanic region. This place he fortified so as to render it impregnable, whilst he improved and embellished it with various useful and ornamental works. These have all perished, except the celebrated *Snorra-laug*, or Snorre-bath, which still remains, after the lapse of six centuries, a proud monument of his ingenuity and munificence, almost rivaling the *Heimskringla* itself. The hot water for this bath is supplied from a natural fountain of boiling water, situated at the distance of 500 feet to the north, in a morass undermined by subterraneous fires, and where numerous boiling springs make their appearance. It is conveyed by means of an aqueduct of hewn stones, fitted to each other in the most exact manner, and joined together by a fine cement. The bath itself is circular in form, about fifteen feet in diameter, and built of hewn stones, cemented together in the same manner with the aqueduct. The floor is paved with the same kind of tophaceous stone which composes the aqueduct, and a circular stone bench, capable of holding upwards of thirty persons, surrounds the inside of the bath. These gifts of genius and fortune raised Snorre, in the year 1213, by the free choice of the people, to the honourable station of the supreme judge or chief magistrate of the island. In this post he was distinguished for his profound knowledge of the laws and civil institutions of his native country. In the same year he gave a proof of the prodigious variety of his talents, by writing an encomiastic lay upon Hakon Galin, a Jarl of Norway, famous in that day for his power and influence. This poem, which Snorre took care to send to the Jarl, procured, in return, besides other rich gifts, the present of a beautiful suit of armour from Hakon to the Skald, whom he invited to visit Norway. But the death of the Jarl, in the following year, prevented Snorre from accepting this invitation. There is reason, however, to believe that the favour which this successful effort of his muse gained for him in the parent country,



ensured him, when he afterwards visited Norway in 1218, the most honourable reception among the connexions of Hakon, and by Skule, another Norwegian Jarl of great distinction. King Hakon IV. reigned at that time in Norway, and Snorre composed a lay in praise of that monarch, and two in honour of Skule Jarl. He also travelled into West Gothland, and wrote a poetic eulogy on Christina, the widow of Hakon Jarl, who had married Askell, the supreme judge or lagman of West Gothland, from whom Snorre received, among other gifts, the antique banner which Erik Knutson, king of Sweden, had borne in battle. Snorre returned to Norway, and spent the winter at the court of Skule Jarl, where he was hospitably entertained, and received from King Hakon the title of *Dróttseti*, or court marshal, with the rank of *Leensmand*, or royal vassal, which last was conferred upon him in order to promote the designs which the Norwegians had conceived against the independence of Iceland. In 1220, Snorre returned to his native country in a ship which the Jarl had prepared, and laden with rich gifts, which Snorre did not omit to requite by another eulogium. After his return, he was involved in an inextricable labyrinth of deadly feuds, some of which he had inherited from his ancestors, and others had been kindled by his own turbulence, ambition, and avarice. These were prosecuted with the most ferocious violence on all sides. The public assembly and the national festival were often stained with kindred blood. The republic was rent with contending factions; but that of Snorre, through the zeal and fidelity of his partisans, frequently attained the ascendancy, and enabled him to gratify his high-reaching views of ambition. The hatred of his enemies at last rose to such a pitch that he was compelled in 1237 to take refuge in Norway. On his arrival in that country he found that his friend and patron, Skule Jarl, had assumed the title of Duke, and aimed at the Norwegian crown. Snorre lent himself to the purposes of Skule, and retired to his court at Drontheim, where he recited one of the lays which he had composed in praise of the Duke, and in vindication of his claims to the crown. But some intelligence which he afterwards received from Iceland induced him to return to his native country. Having obtained the king's permission for that purpose, with the title of Jarl, which was conferred upon him in addition to all the other honours and favours he had received, he prepared to set sail for Iceland. As he was on the point of embarking, he received letters from the king positively forbidding his departure. Snorre disregarded the prohibition, and arrived safely in Iceland in 1239. Here he was once more involved in fierce controversies with his numerous enemies, and shortly afterwards fell a victim to their deadly hatred. King Hakon had sent secret instructions to Gissur Thorvaldson, who was related to the king, and had formerly been Snorre's son-in-law and intimate friend, to seize on his person and bring him a prisoner to Norway; with orders, if he could not accomplish this purpose, to put him to death. The latter alternative was preferred by Thorvaldson, who had become the mortal foe of Snorre, and who was tempted by his great wealth, and the revenge he nourished against him, to become his assassin. It is remarkable that although Snorre was admonished of his danger by a letter from one of his friends, written in Runic characters, yet neither he, who was so deeply versed in this lore, nor any of the persons about him, could decipher the letter. Thorvaldson collected a

band of armed men from one of the clans which was hostile to Snorre, and taking him by surprise, basely murdered him at Reikholth, in the night of the 22d September, 1241. Thus perished, at the age of sixty-three years, Snorre Sturleson, illustrious by his birth, his talents, and attainments, but, according to the concurrent testimony of his contemporaries, stained with unprincipled ambition, avarice, faithlessness, and every other vice that dishonours and degrades human nature. It must, however, be remembered, that those who have portrayed the character of this remarkable man in such dark and sombre colours, were his enemies, and some of them his relations, whose warm attachment had been turned to deadly hate by family dissensions. The partial judgments pronounced by party spirit are seldom ratified by posterity. Whatever reproaches the recklessness of Snorre's ambition may have incurred, it is difficult to believe that the man who was four times raised to the chief magistracy of his country by the free choice of his fellow-citizens, did not possess qualities to command, in a considerable degree, the general confidence, whilst, at the same time, they secured him the warm attachment of his friends and partisans. But the very qualities adapted to win this confidence and this attachment in a rude period of society, are not of that amiable and lofty cast which add lustre to human nature under more auspicious circumstances. Neither the Icelandic commonwealth, nor any other species of government which prevailed in Europe during the middle ages, yielded that tolerable degree of security for life and property which is now afforded under almost every form of rule prevailing among civilised and Christian nations. In the absence of a regular administration of justice enforced by adequate sanctions, cunning and violence must necessarily supply the place of wisdom and virtue in the conduct of public affairs. In such a state of things, private revenge will supersede the public arm, and the feuds thus engendered will be transmitted from generation to generation, and perpetuated by family rivalry. It must, however, be confessed, that after making all these deductions, the cultivation of letters does not here seem to have had that effect in tempering the sordid and violent passions of human nature which is commonly attributed to their humanising influence. Snorre pursued all those objects which are commonly supposed to minister to human happiness,—riches, power, honours, and pleasure,—with a selfish disregard to the means by which they were to be attained, and with no generous and enlarged desire to contribute to the general welfare of society. But, whatever might be the moral defects of his character, the thirst of knowledge and desire of fame was never extinct in the breast of Snorre. He aspired to the laurel crown as well as that bestowed by the historic muse; and finding the language of his country completely formed, independent of classic models, he gratified his taste and genius by cultivating his own native national literature. Had his mind been directed to those scholastic studies which then engrossed the exclusive attention of lettered Europe, he might perhaps have produced a work rivaling that of Saxo Grammaticus in rhetorical embellishments, but which, written in the dead language of Rome, would have failed to express the living thoughts and feelings to which his native tongue alone could give utterance. Although the mind of Snorre was imbued in early youth with a deep knowledge of the annals and literature of the north, it is difficult to conceive how, in the midst of

his active and stormy life, he could have found time and opportunity for their successful cultivation. But it is the faculty of genius to create the leisure necessary to accomplish its designs, even in the midst of the most distracting cares and occupations. Snorre is generally supposed to have had some share in collecting and arranging the songs of the elder Edda; and he certainly contributed mainly to the compilation of the prose Edda in the form in which it now exists. There is some diversity of opinions as to the manner in which he proceeded in the composition of his great historical work, *Heimskringla*, or the Annals of the Kings of Norway, and as to the degree of merit which may justly be attributed to him in respect to originality of style and thought. The learned Professor Müller, in his essay upon the sources from which Snorre derived his materials, expresses the opinion that this work is a mere compilation from the ancient Sagas, which Snorre arranged, corrected, and sometimes enlarged from other sources, causing the whole to be carefully transcribed in its present form. Snorre seems to give some countenance to this opinion, by the modest and unpretending manner in which he speaks in the commencement of the preface to *Heimskringla*. 'In this book,' says he, 'I have caused to be recorded, from the traditions of the wise men, the history of ancient events, and of the great deeds of the kings and heroes who have reigned over the countries of the North, where the Danish language (*danska tungu*) is spoken. I have also inserted their genealogies, so far as they were known to me, and that partly from the most ancient collection of this sort, called *Langfedgatal*, where the kings and other illustrious persons have caused to be transcribed their lineages. Part of the things herein contained are taken from the old songs or historical lays, which constituted the delight of our ancestors.' He then goes on to vindicate his course in this respect by the example of his predecessors, and refers to the songs and Sagas from which he had selected his materials. Among others was Thiodolf, who was Skald to Harald Hårfager, and composed a song upon King Ragnvald, called the *Ynglinga-lal*, in which his ancestors were traced back to a remote period, with a summary account of their lives, deaths, and burial-places. Fiolner was the son of *Yngvifreys*, long adorned by the Sviar with sacrifices, from whom the Yngling race derive their origin and name. The lineage of Hakon Jarl is traced in an ancient lay, composed by Eyvind, one of his Skalds, and called *Háleyggjatal*. Therein is mentioned Sæmingr, Yngvifrey's son, with an account of their deaths and burial-places. From Thiodolf's tradition, the *Ynglinga-Saga* was first written, and afterwards enlarged by other learned men. The former age was called *bruna-öld*, from the prevailing custom of burning the bodies of the dead, and raising to their memory grave-stones, called *bauta-steinar*. But after Freyr was buried at Upsala, many princes raised not only grave-stones, but tumuli, to their predecessors. After which time also, Dan Mikilláti, king of the Danes, built for himself a tumulus, in which he commanded his body to be interred with all the ensigns of his regal dignity, his armour, horse, and other wealth. His example was followed by many of his successors; and this was called in Denmark *haugs-öld*, 'the age of the tumuli;' but the Norwegians and the Swedes adhered for a long time to the more ancient custom of burning the dead. Iceland began to be settled when Harald Hårfager was king in Norway.

Both he and his successors entertained at their court Skalds, by whom their deeds were sung. And we have followed in our narrative those lays sung before the princes who were themselves the actors of these deeds, or their children, not doubting the truth of what they tell respecting the different expeditions of these princes and their warlike achievements. For though the lays of the Skalds sounded the praises of the heroes before whom they were sung, they would hardly have presumed to attribute to them or their ancestors the fame of actions which all present must have known to be false, and which would have reflected shame upon those they were meant to honour. Snorre then proceeds to mention with encomium his predecessor Ari Frode, who was the first that recorded in the language of the North its history, both ancient and more recent, leaving us to infer that he had used the works of Ari, which have nearly all since perished, in the composition of the *Heimskringla*."

To be concluded in our next.

*Boswell's Johnson, by Croker.* 5 vols. 8vo.  
[Second Notice.]

WE return with avidity to our pleasant task of skimming these amusing volumes, and taking off some of the newest and richest cream which floats upon them, for the gratification of our readers. In doing so, we need pay attention to no order but the order of dates: the produce, it is true, is of a most miscellaneous description; yet to our taste it amalgamates so agreeably, as to make altogether a very delicious treat.

It would be impertinent in us at this time of day to enter into disquisitions respecting Johnson and his biographers. Subjects which have employed so many able as well as foolish pens, may well be considered to be exhausted; and as we have little room for the *decies repetita*, (which, by the by, we have never known to please in literature, whatever it may do in love-making), we shall come at once to the matter, with a single previous remark. That remark is inspired by the perusal of the work before us, and it applies to the character of the extraordinary man of whose life it treats. Never was human being so minutely exposed to public view as Dr. Johnson; his moral anatomy is prepared to the slightest fibre, and fixed up for ever for examination and study. From such an ordeal, who could pass without the detection of a multitude of imperfections and of faults? All his errors are laid bare; his acerbities, his little envies, his absurdities, his rudenesses, his overbearings;—but with all these in the one scale, what are they but feathers in comparison with the opposite balance of learning, and wisdom, and virtue? We feel that by reducing him more to our own sphere of humanity, they rather interest us in his favour and endear him to us, than detract from his lofty superiority. While living, perhaps, such drawbacks might annoy and offend those with whom he came into contact; but the grave has hallowed them; and we declare, for our own parts, that we could not regard and esteem Johnson as we do, were it not for these very blemishes. We venerate him for his wonderful abilities: he touches our warmer and more tender sympathies by his weaknesses. The former command the mind's noblest admiration—the latter ally him to nature and the common lot of mankind.

We now proceed to extract our promised cento; with only heads in *italics* where these are sufficient to point the sense; and elsewhere, as briefly as words can afford the necessary connexion and information.

*The Descendants of Poets.*—Speaking of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, Milton's grand-daughter and only surviving representative, for whom a benefit was given at Drury Lane in 1750, Mr. Croker notices: "She survived this benefit but three years, and died without issue. It is remarkable that none of our great, and few of our second-rate poets, have left posterity."

In 1756, when Johnson was 47 years of age, we find the following afflicting picture of the condition to which even the greatest talents, united with the utmost worth and integrity, are too generally doomed by the mercenary dealings of (we had almost said) *literature*!

"The two next letters (says the editor) are melancholy evidence of the pecuniary distress in which he was at this period involved. It is afflicting to contemplate the author of the Rambler and the Dictionary reduced to such precarious means of existence as the casual profits from magazines and reviews, and subjected to all the evils and affronts of a state of penury; but it, at the same time, raises our admiration and esteem to recollect that, even in this season of distress, he continued to share his mite with Miss Williams, Mr. Levett, and the other objects of his charitable regard:

"Dr. Johnson to Mr. Richardson.

"Tuesday, 19th Feb. 1756.

"Dear Sir,—I return you my sincerest thanks for the favour which you were pleased to do me two nights ago. Be pleased to accept of this little book, which is all that I have published this winter. The inflammation is come again into my eye, so that I can write very little. I am, sir, your most obliged and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

"To Mr. Richardson.

"Gough Square, 16th March, 1756.

"Sir,—I am obliged to entreat your assistance; I am now under an arrest for five pounds eighteen shillings. Mr. Strahan, from whom I should have received the necessary help in this case, is not at home, and I am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If you will be so good as to send me this sum, I will very gratefully repay you, and add it to all former obligations. I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON."

"Sent six guineas"

Witness

"WILLIAM RICHARDSON."

As we have given in our adhesion to Johnson's foibles, we will not inquire with Mr. Croker whether he was ungrateful to Dr. Thomas Sheridan for any share that gentleman had in procuring his pension; nor whether he envied some of his contemporaries. In this portion of the book, Mr. Maxwell's narrative is very interesting, but we omit it, as familiar to most readers, and proceed with our shorter extracts.

*Anecdote of Goldsmith.*—"Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told the editor an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps coloured a little, as *anecdotes* too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his

"Upon this Mr. Murphy regrets, 'for the honour of an admired writer, not to find a more liberal entry—to his friend in distress he sent eight shillings more than was wanted! Had an incident of this kind occurred in one of his romances, Richardson would have known how to grace his hero; but in fictitious scenes generosity costs the writer nothing.'—*Life*, p. 87. This is very unjust. We have seen that Mr. Richardson had, just the month before, been called upon to do Johnson a similar service; and it has been stated that about this period Richardson was his constant resource in difficulties of this kind. Richardson, moreover, had numerous calls of the same nature from other quarters, which he answered with a ready and well-regulated charity. Instead, therefore, of censuring him for not giving more, Mr. Murphy might have praised him for having done all that was required on the particular occasion."

best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but, after a good deal of pressing, said, 'that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant: 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted jzebels; while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish: I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'

At the age of sixty-two, Johnson had an inclination to get into parliament: "I should like to try my hand now," he exclaimed. On which Mr. C. informs us, "Lord Stowell was told the editor, that it was understood amongst Johnson's friends, that 'Lord North was afraid that Johnson's help (as he himself said of Lord Chesterfield's) might have been sometimes embarrassing.' 'He perhaps thought, and not unreasonably,' added Lord Stowell, 'that, like the elephant in the battle, he was quite as likely to trample down his friends as his foes.'

At page 150 of the second volume, the Tour to the Hebrides is commenced: thence we select the ensuing annotations.

*Anecdote of a Presbyterian.*—"Dr. Alexander Webster was remarkable for the talent with which he at once supported his place in convivial society, and a high character as a leader of the strict and rigid presbyterian party in the church of Scotland, which certainly seemed to require very different qualifications. He was ever gay amid the gayest. When it once occurred to some one present to ask what one of his elders would think, should he see his pastor in such a merry mood—'Think!' replied the doctor, 'why he would not believe his own eyes.'

*Of Flora Macdonald.*—"It is remarkable (says Sir Walter Scott) that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled Flory."

*Of Buonaparte.*—"When Buonaparte first surveyed his new sovereignty of Elba, he talked jocularly of taking the little island of Pianosa. So natural to mankind seems to be the desire of conquest, that it was the first thought of the speculative moralist, as well as of the dethroned usurper."

*A Namesake.*—"The eccentric author of Hurlu Thrumbo was named Samuel Johnson. He was originally a dancing-master, but went

on the stage, where his acting was as extravagant as his pieces. He died in this very year, 1773, and was probably one of the persons whose death is alluded to, *post*, 17th April, 1778."

*Of Sir A. Maclean.*—"Sir Allan Maclean, like many Highland chiefs, was embarrassed in his private affairs, and exposed to unpleasant solicitations from attorneys, called in Scotland *writers* (which, indeed, was the chief motive of his retiring to Inch Kenneth). Upon one occasion he made a visit to a friend, then residing at Carron lodge, on the banks of the Carron, where the banks of that river are studded with pretty villas: Sir Allan, admiring the landscape, asked his friend whom that handsome seat belonged to. 'M—, the writer to the signet,' was the reply. 'Umph!' said Sir Allan, but not with an accent of assent, 'I mean that other house.' 'Oh! that belongs to a very honest fellow, Jamie —, also a writer to the signet.' 'Umph!' said the Highland chief of M'Lean, with more emphasis than before. 'And you smaller house?' 'That belongs to a Stirling man; I forget his name, but I am sure he is a writer, too, for —.' Sir Allan, who had recoiled a quarter of a circle backward at every response, now wheeled the circle entire, and turned his back on the landscape, saying, 'My good friend, I must own you have a pretty situation here; but d—n your neighbourhood.'"

*Of Adam Smith.*—"Mr. Boswell has chosen to omit, for reasons which will be presently obvious, that Johnson and Adam Smith met at Glasgow; but I have been assured by Professor John Miller that they did so, and that Smith, leaving the party in which he had met Johnson, happened to come to another company where Miller was. Knowing that Smith had been in Johnson's society, they were anxious to know what had passed, and the more so as Dr. Smith's temper seemed much ruffled. At first Smith would only answer, 'He's a brute—he's a brute;' but on closer examination, it appeared that Johnson no sooner saw Smith than he attacked him for some point of his famous letter on the death of Hume. Smith vindicated the truth of his statement. 'What did Johnson say?' was the universal inquiry. 'Why, he said,' replied Smith, with the deepest impression of resentment, 'he said, *you lie*!' 'And what did you reply?' 'I said, you are a son of a —!' On such terms did these two great moralists meet and part, and such was the classical dialogue between two great teachers of philosophy."

*Of Lord Auchinleck.*—"Old Lord Auchinleck was an able lawyer, a good scholar, after the manner of Scotland, and highly valued his own advantages as a man of good estate and ancient family, and, moreover, he was a strict presbyterian and whig of the old Scottish cast. This did not prevent his being a terribly proud aristocrat; and great was the contempt he entertained and expressed for his son James, for the nature of his friendships and the character of the personages of whom he was *engoué* one after another. 'There's nae hope for Jamie,' mon,' he said to a friend. 'Jamie is gaen clean gyte. What do you think, mon? He's done wi' Paoli—he's off wi' the land-louping scoundrel of a Corsican; and whose tail do you think he has pinned himself to now, mon?' Here the old judge summoned up a sneer of most sovereign contempt. 'A *dominie*, mon—an auld dominie; he kepted a schule, and caud it an acadamy.' Probably if this had been reported to Johnson, he would have felt

it more galling, for he never much liked to think of that period of his life: it would have aggravated his dislike of Lord Auchinleck's whiggery and presbyterianism. These the old lord carried to such an unusual height, that once when a countryman came in to state some justice business, and being required to make his oath, declined to do so before his lordship, because he was not a *covenanted* magistrate. 'Is that a' your objection, mon?' said the judge; 'come your ways in here, and we'll baith of us tak the solemn league and covenant together.' The oath was accordingly agreed and sworn to by both, and I dare say it was the last time it ever received such homage. It may be surmised how far Lord Auchinleck, such as he is here described, was likely to suit a high tory and episcopalian like Johnson. As they approached Auchinleck, Boswell conjured Johnson by all the ties of regard, and in requital of the services he had rendered him upon his tour, that he would spare two subjects in tenderness to his father's prejudices; the first related to Sir John Pringle, president of the Royal Society, about whom there was then some dispute current; the second concerned the general question of whig and tory. Sir John Pringle, as Boswell says, escaped; but the controversy between tory and covenantaner raged with great fury, and ended in Johnson's pressing upon the old judge the question, what good Cromwell, of whom he had said something derogatory, had ever done to his country; when, after being much tortured, Lord Auchinleck at last spoke out, 'God, doctor! he gart kings ken that they had a *lith* in their neck.' He taught kings they had a *joint* in their necks. Jamie then set to mediating between his father and the philosopher, and availing himself of the judge's sense of hospitality, which was punctilious, reduced the debate to more order. — *Sir Walter Scott.*"

*Of Lord Elibank.*—"Lord Elibank made a happy retort on Dr. Johnson's definition of oats, as the food of horses in England, and of men in Scotland: 'Yes,' said he; 'and where else will you see *such horses* and *such men*?' Throughout these volumes there are interspersed a number of prayers, &c., in which Johnson was prone to manifest his religious aspirations, and seek to soothe his mind. They are remarkable mixtures; but yet breathe all of genuine piety. We shall, however, only instance two short passages, as specimens of the most curious.

"I was extremely perturbed in the night, but have had this day more ease than I expected. D[eo]gr[ati]a. Perhaps this may be such a sudden relief as I once had by a good night's rest in Fetter Lane."

"I fasted, though less rigorously than at other times. I, by negligence, poured milk into the tea, and, in the afternoon, drank one dish of coffee with Thrale; yet at night, after a fit of drowsiness, I felt myself very much disordered by emptiness, and called for tea, with peevish and impatient eagerness. My distress was very great."

We now conclude, having "skimmed" about half our skimming to the end of Vol. III., for, we trust, the entertainment of our readers. It appears that Johnson never called himself *doctor*, though that appellation has been given him by all the rest of the world.

Having taken so much from this publication, we cannot do better than finish, this week, with an original anecdote concerning it.

Sir John Malcolm once asked Warren Hastings, who was contemporary and a companion of

Dr. Johnson and Boswell, what was his real estimation of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*? "Sir," replied Hastings, "it is the *dirtiest* book in my library;" then, proceeding, he added, "I knew Boswell intimately; and I well remember, when his book first made its appearance, Boswell was so full of it, that he could neither think nor talk of any thing else; so much so, that meeting Lord Thurlow hurrying through Parliament Street to get to the House of Lords, where an important debate was expected, for which he was already too late, Boswell had the temerity to stop and accost him with — 'Have you read my book?' 'Yes! G—d—n you!' replied Lord Thurlow, 'every word of it: I could not help myself.'"

## HOPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

[Third Paper.]

WE proceed, without comment, to the sequel of the very curious investigation unfolded in our last: any remark is unnecessary where an author so explicitly develops his own striking views.

*"Varieties of human races.*—In the inland fastnesses of Borneo and Sumatra, and over the islands of the Polynesia, still rove, perhaps soon entirely to disappear from the globe, tribes of which the resemblance to the baboon is most striking, the superiority over the brute, in mind and body, least perceptible. In them, of all human beings, the organs of vitality most early and fundamental—those named abdominal—still present the greatest expansion; those of reaction and movement, superstructed on the first, still display the least possible development and finish. The external seats of those lower senses which still remain most directly connected with the wants of the stomach—the tongue, the jaws, the lips, and the nostrils—still preserve the most disgusting amplitude, openness, and spread; the organs of the higher senses, still often exhibit an equally disagreeable and repulsive obliquity and want of room. The face, from a preposterous width above, terminates abruptly underneath in a sharp, cheekless, chinless point. The organs of intellect still appear in their narrow cramped receptacle wholly undeveloped. Of the rude ill-formed skull the anterior part—that which, in proportion as it is better arched, gives earnest of organs of thought more expanded—is still so low, so narrow, so depressed, that it can hardly be said to form a distinct forehead. The small deep-sunk eyes, like those of the baboon, still keep constantly vibrating in their narrow sockets. The flat, wide, staring nostrils, are scarce by any thing but their yawning orifices distinguishable from the pouches more prominent than the nose, over which they are spread. The skinny chasm of the enormous lipless mouth is armed with teeth, long, projecting, and wide apart, like the teeth of a saw. Of chin there is no sign. The face, hideous when viewed in front, is not less frightful when seen in profile; its greatest prominence is in the region of the mouth. The head, sunk between the raised shoulders, has not room over these to turn sideways. A trunk of enormous bulk supports arms meagre and deformed, of a finny shortness or uncouth elongation. That trunk moves on thighs and legs short, bowed, crooked, and callous. These supports, in their turn, are ill at rest on feet flat and square, deprived of instep and of heel, and more calculated, by their want of well-formed sole, to entwine themselves round branches than to walk on level ground. The utmost height of these misshapen mortals in general scarce reaches four feet nine. Their ill-marked muscle is hardly



discernible athwart their coarse dusky hide, as distant in its hue from a fine glossy black as it is from a clear transparent whiteness. The skin is frequently covered with irregular patches of wiry hair or bristles. Their limbs seem unhinged, their movements performed by abrupt jerks. They crouch rather than they sit; they climb better than they walk. Their features have not yet a finish sufficient to mark the distinction between youth and age. In childhood they already look decrepit. Nor do their countenances yet possess sufficient flexibility to mark the transition from calmness to irritation. Little sensible to emotions even of physical pleasure, they are less alive still to feelings of bodily pain. They undergo the greatest hardships without being by their sufferings stimulated to mend their lot; they feed without repugnance on the coarsest garbage; encounter without nausea the most disgusting smells; are inaccessible to any pleasures of the ear or eye; have little memory, and less imagination. They seem incapable of reflection on the past, or of foresight into the future. Unmoved by any prospect of distant benefit, undeterred by any threat of remote injury, they are never seen to express joy, or to denote grief—to laugh or cry. Only accessible to hunger, while that feeling pinches not their vitals past endurance, nothing ruffles their apathy. Like the brute, they are, while in a state of repletion, wholly incapable of providing for the hour of want. Unfeeling for themselves, they cannot be expected to sympathise with the feelings of others. None yet has a wife or a child he calls his own. The female, wooed with a club, when from a means of pleasure she becomes an encumbrance, is by that club despatched. The offspring is left to shift for itself. Cruel, cowardly, and credulous, they are void of curiosity, and inaccessible to wonder. Nothing occupying their thoughts sufficiently to become familiar to them, nothing can seem strange. They shew no mental faculty beyond that low cunning already by man attributed to monkeys. When inveigled in the trammels of civilisation, they only labour to effect their escape. Incapable of inventions of art with which to supply the deficiencies of nature, they possess neither utensils nor arms. Inland they feed on the grub that crawls forth from the earth: near the sea-side on the oyster left exposed by the surf. They go completely naked: they have no permanent abode. In the day-time they prowl about in perfect solitude, at night they creep under the sand. Their speech consists in a few hoarse croakings: but by men who have no ideas, no feelings to communicate to each other, even these are seldom uttered. If clothed by force, they tear off their apparel. If caught, they try to get loose. The best treatment cannot tame them. When detained, they soon, without apparent grief or pain, pine away and die. Of the New Zealander the skull presents a texture so coarse, a form so contracted, so similar to that of the orang-outang, that anatomists have considered him as the connecting link between the monkey and man. From the Andaman islands, in the Indian Archipelago, were once brought away, in an Indian junk, two middle-aged savages of a peculiar tribe, black and woolly-haired, the tallest of which scarcely reached four feet seven, and only weighed seventy-six pounds. Protuberant in the paunch, stunted in the extremities, of voracious appetite and cannibal propensities, climbing on trees as nimbly as quadrupeds, diving under water as readily as ducks, heavy and dull in intellect, and, when by themselves, setting up a cackling like turkeys, they only appeared seldom even in their gut-

tural hiss to converse with each other. In the interior of Lucania, and throughout the Indian Archipelago, there are vestiges of a black woolly-haired race of pignies, incapable of the least approach to civilisation, unpossessed of any permanent abode, and when caught, however well used, either soon effecting their escape, or pining to death. Of these the major part have, by a different race of a brown hue, with long lank hair, and endowed with superior mental capacities, found in the same regions, been hunted down, or forced to fly to inaccessible fastnesses, where gradually the race melts away. In New Holland and in New South Wales, almost every tribe of natives, however small, has an idiom of its own, different from that of the neighbouring tribes, and only consisting of a few sibilating sounds, unintelligible out of the tribe. Of these tribes some are hideously ugly. They have noses quite flat to the face like those of brutes, or only noseless nostrils very wide, which entirely want all distinct projection. Their eyes, very close to each other, and deep sunk in the head, constantly vibrate like those of the monkey. Their mouth is extravagantly wide and prominent, their body clumsy and ill-formed; their arms, almost fleshless, are of enormous length: their legs equally ungainly; and a rough wrinkled black skin seems ill to fit the ill-limbed body. They live upon ants' nests, wild honey, roots, and berries: at night they creep into some hollow tree. The males destroy the females, and the females their offspring, when tired of the encumbrance. Once from the interior of Africa was brought to the West Indies a whole cargo of captured negroes, so inferior in organisation to the general average of blacks, so hideous in face, so mishapen in figure, so short, so deficient in whatever distinguishes human beings from brutes, that they could not find any purchaser. They resembled the natives of Old Calabar, residing not far from the coast of Guinea, who have foreheads and chins almost obliterated; cheeks, or rather pouches, projecting beyond the nose; wide, prominent, lipless mouths, armed with long sharp tusks or teeth standing out; eyes almost in contact with each other; bellies that hang down over their thighs; a chest very narrow, arms of prodigious length, thighs extremely short, spider-legs void of calves, and splay feet as ill-fitted to stand firm on even ground as those of the neighbouring monkeys. Near the Cape, intermingled with the higher race of Hottentots, are the Bosjes-men, of which the males scarce attain a height of four feet six inches, and the females of four feet. They become decrepit and wrinkled at what among whites would scarce be deemed a mature age. Their noses are flat to the face, their eyes in constant motion like those of monkeys: from their broad cheek-bones their faces taper down to a sharp point: their hair is woolly, their coarse brown skin usually besmeared with grease, and their body begirt with the decaying entrails of the animals they have devoured. The females in some parts of their frame are meagre and stunted, in others they exhibit an exuberance similar to that of the Caramanian sheep. Their posterior excrescence is often balanced by a natural apron before, similar to the pouch in which the kangaroo nurses its young. They sleep, seldom two nights running, in nests which they contrive in the bushes; are equally strangers to the use of fig-leaves and of fire. Apathetic but fearful, and not even possessed of the intelligence required in slaves, they spend their time either prowling about in perfect solitude like wild beasts, or crouched like monkeys

in a circle, exhibiting an unmeaning grin or an inarticulate chatter. But enough of the very lowest specimens of the human race, which every where exhibit a great sameness both in their physical draw-backs and moral deficiencies. Even in certain negro races of a very superior cast to these, while there still remains, as in certain brute races, of the olfactory, optic, and fifth pair of nerves, a development much greater, a power of conveying sensations of smell, sound, and sight, in certain respects much more acute than is found in higher human beings, there still remains to the monkey a nearer affinity in other organs and parts internal and external;—in the marked contraction and want of room in the brain, thickness of the skull, height and size of the flapping ear, yellow opacity of the eye-balls, incessant vibration of the eyes, and depressed expansion of the nasal cavities, over hollow, cheekless pouches; in the skinny projecting mouth, armed with wide rows of threatening teeth, under which dives away a chin almost obliterated; in the angularity of the shoulders, length of the fore-arm, square obtuseness of the hand, crookedness of the thigh-bone, gibbosity of the tibia, height and smallness of the calf, flatness of the heel and instep, uneven bearing of the sole both longways and broadways, sparseness of the muscle, duskiness of the skin, and tendency of all the parts to a leaning forward, in its turn producing a preference of a crouching to a sitting posture, and a superiority in the movements of diving and of climbing, over those of walking and running, greater than are possessed by higher races. Most negro tribes may still be said to display in their forms a want of fulness, in their movements a want of precision, in their joints a want of hinging, in their articulations a looseness very remarkable. Their arms swing, their legs shuffle along, and, as their bodies seem callous, their minds seem inert. They appear wholly incapable of deep abstraction. No where have they, through an innate force, and unassisted by the prior examples and precepts of white races, attained any degree of advancement in science, or of refinement in art. As in every thing the opposite extremes ever precede the just medium, negroes are in their own native regions still ever found either wholly unshackled by any social control, or smarting under the lash of the most unmodified despotism. They either recognise no bond of union, or obey with the most abject submission the most unbridled tyrants. They either live wholly unawakened to any sense of superhuman guidance, or they exhibit the most senseless superstition, and faith in the silly tricks of sorcery. Their worship is only a worship of fear: it is only addressed to spirits of evil, whose wrath they strive to avert merely by streams of blood. They have not yet a religion of love, a reverence for an author of good, whose favour is only to be gained by rooting out the ill propensities of the heart. Ages roll over their monotonous existence without producing in their mind the least cultivation, in their manners the least improvement. Even among black races, however, though all originally alike produced by, and all evidently only calculated for, climates where prevail the extreme of heat, there may already be discerned many degrees of excellence. The highest of negro tribes are in some respects not only equal but superior to the lowest of white races. There are in Africa, to the north of the line, certain Nubian nations, as there are to the south of the line certain Caffre tribes, whose figures, nay even whose features, might in point of form serve as models

for those of an Apollo. Their stature is lofty, their frame elegant and powerful. Their chest open and wide; their extremities muscular and yet delicate. They have foreheads arched and expanded, eyes full and conveying an expression of intelligence and feeling; high narrow noses, small mouths, and pouting lips. Their complexion indeed still is dark, but it is the glossy black of marble or of jet, conveying to the touch sensations more voluptuous even than those of the most resplendent white.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Ivan Vejeeghen; or, Life in Russia.*

[Second notice.]

WE have nothing to do but continue our extracts from this characteristic and entertaining publication.

*State of society in Moscow.*—"Old mother Moscow is like a decrepit rich widow, who, after having lived in the great world, has retired to a country town in the interior of Russia, which lies in the centre of her property, in order to play the first rôle in her own neighbourhood, without breaking off however her connexions with the metropolis. Moscow, my dear friend, has out of all manner of exotic fancies and rarities, succeeded in weaving for her own shroud a really original article, in which foreigners may distinguish the yarn of their own spinning, but the body of the tissue and the patterns can be claimed by none but our own dearly beloved Moscow. The best Moscow society is composed in the first place of the old men, as they are called, who have overlived their time, and from *ennui* or other causes have settled in Moscow for a temporary rest, in expectation of an eternal. This respected rank constitutes a living chronicle for the last half century, or rather living quotations from the contemporary history of Russia. The members of this body form also an areopagus, or supreme court for judging of all contemporary occurrences. They hold their sittings at the English club, and at the houses of respectable elderly ladies of the first three classes. The distinction of ranks is observed by them with as great strictness as in a well-drilled regiment under arms. Politics, war, the internal administration of the empire, the appointment to public offices, the decisions of courts of law, and particularly the distribution of ranks and orders, are all subject to the review of this croaking areopagus. It is this class which gives balls, dinners, suppers, and soirées, to persons of distinction passing through Moscow, to public functionaries of the first class, and to the first-rate nobility. In the second place—gentlemen in actual service in the Moscow courts of law, who differ in this only from the public functionaries of Petersburg and other places, that they live more luxuriously, have more inclination for business, and do not take up their time with collateral objects, such as literature and the sciences, as some of our young civilians do in Petersburg. In the third place, sinecurists, or mothers' darlings; that is to say the rear-rank of the phalanx covered by blind fortune. Of these lucky people, the greater part cannot read the Psalter printed in the Slavonic character, although they are all included in the list of Russian antiquaries. They go under the name of 'the youth of the archives.' They form our *petites maitres*, fashionables, husbands of all brides, lovers of all women whose nose is not situated on their chin, and who know to pronounce *oui* and *non*. They are the law-givers of the *ton* amongst the Moscow

youth, on the promenades, in the theatres and drawing-rooms. This rank also furnishes Moscow with philosophers of the last hatch, who are full of every thing to the brim except wholesomè thought—*cognoscenti* in rhyming, and desperate judges of rhetoric and the sciences. In the fourth place, an immense drove of all sorts of public men retired from the service, belonging to old families who have attained distinguished ranks, in hunting for which they have spent their property; some who, with little trouble, live upon cards and their shifts, and some who merely live from hand to mouth upon Moscow hospitality. In the fifth place, provincial landholders who come to spend the winter in Moscow, to eat up their farm-stock, and to have the pleasure of seeing their daughters dance at the assembly of the *noblesse*, or at evening parties, till some bridegroom, attracted by the dowry, (the scent of which talkative aunts know well how to spread,) demands their charming hand, which has known no sort of work from the day of its creation. In the sixth place, gentlemen travellers from Petersburg and the army, in quest of rich brides, for which Moscow has been famed from time immemorial. These gentry begin usually at the very top of the ladder, but alight upon *eleves*, or merchants' daughters, who are surer bargains.

"The most prominent feature of Moscow is hospitality, or the propensity for keeping open table. My dear Vejeeghen! if our planet by any particular misfortune should be subject to a ten year's scarcity, and supposing provisions were sold for their weight in gold, even then nobody would be starved in Moscow except the *dvoroavey*-servants, who at other times, amidst the general abundance, are not over-well fed, probably that they may be the lighter for work. Although I am no statistical man, I may affirm without hesitation, that more is eaten and drunken in Moscow, during one year, than in the whole of Italy in twice the time. To make their guests eat and drink to excess is esteemed in Moscow the first characteristic of a good *accueil*."

"When her husband was in power, the secretary durst not engross a decision without asking Aquilina Semenovna, and the petitioners were obliged to address themselves to her before they appeared in court with their petitions. One day there came to her an old woman, with a handkerchief about her head and a strange-looking *shool* (fur coat), to petition in favour of her grandson, whom the community had marked out for a recruit. After falling down at her feet, the old woman gave Aquilina Semenovna a little box, adding, 'Take this, ma'am; if it does not suit you, it will do for your daughter.' Aquilina Semenovna, thinking that the old woman was giving her a snuff-box, fell into a passion, screamed out with all her might, in order that the country gentlemen who were in the adjoining room might hear of her disinterestedness, and gave the old woman a box of another sort in return. The box fell on the ground, and the pearls were scattered on the floor. What a pucker she was in! There was Aquilina Semenovna sprawling on the floor, gathering up the pearls, and bawling out to her daughter Ashenka to come to her assistance. Ashenka flew to her from the other room, but forgot to shut the door, so that the gentleman saw the whole farce. One of them questioned the old woman on the street, and spread the news through all the government. 'Ha, ha, ha!' 'That was a lesson not to despise trifles. It is not for nought that Seedor Karpeetch always repeats—' What is good to

give is good to keep, and every gift is complete.'"

Of what, however, may be effected by individual exertion, an encouraging example is shewn in Mr. Rossiyanenoff, whose estate exhibits the good consequences of common sense reduced to practice. The remark its owner makes is too rational to be omitted.

"Following the advice of my father-in-law, I began the management of my estate, not after the English or German fashion, but after a fashion suitable to our climate, soil, and manners. No new devices were carried into execution by me on a great scale, till I had made repeated trials of their effects upon a small."

We conclude with an entertainment given by a rich merchant, desirous of getting into high society and marrying off his daughters splendidly.

"Arraying myself in the most foppish style, I went to the place appointed for meeting with the secretary, and from thence straight to Moshneen's house. Up to the moment at which I am writing, I cannot conceive what pleasure the master of a house can have in inviting to dinner people who differ as far as east from west, in their education, worldly circumstances, habits of life, and casts of thought. In the first place, he heaps up for himself a mass of trouble, and frequently of dissatisfaction; and, in the second place, he confers a disagreeable favour upon his guests. The landlord must screw his features into a different pitch towards each of them; and the guest, for his part, does not know what tone to assume, nor with what degree of communicativeness to carry on the conversation. All this I experienced that day at Moshneen's. I had scarcely entered the saloon, when I might fancy myself at the Makarieff fair. Officers civil and military, merchants of all nations, in different costumes, of all degrees, from the highest guild down to the lowest broker; females, some in the tiptop of Parisian fashion, others in blonde and lace caps, others with silk handkerchiefs about their heads, some in jackets—in a word, a confusion of tongues—a real *divertissement*! I ran my eye over a crowd of guests, whispering and bawling about the weather, and fortunately did not see one face which I knew: this gave me courage—I confess, I was afraid of meeting with some of my old card-table acquaintances. The secretary asked a footman where the landlord and landlady were: we were taken into a huge dining-room. There Pamphel Merkooveetch, with his better half, was hard at work, the sweat upon his brow. Footmen were taking wine out of baskets, the butler was giving his verdict upon the quality of each, the landlord was separating the one from the other, disposing the best wines in the places of honour, while the home-made madeira and port were put to the other end of the table for the use of the more common guests. The landlady, a healthy-looking fat woman, of about fifty years of age, dressed in the German fashion, with a silk *kosakenka* (head-dress) about her head, was arranging the desert. They apologised to me for being found in the midst of household labours, and begged me to be without ceremony, as if I were at home. We returned to the company, and I begged the secretary to introduce me to the landlord's children. The two sons of Moshneen, dressed in the latest fashion, complimented me in French phrases, and endeavoured to shew themselves clever, and to sport an easy freedom; in a word, to act the part of people of *haut ton*. It was evident that they copied all the gestures

of the young dandies of the great world, not as they are exhibited in drawing rooms, but in the theatres, on the boulevards, at the public promenades, and the *corps de gardes*; owing to this, their demeanour at first sight appeared too familiar and even impudent. They had already left the mercantile denomination, and entered the career of the civil service, that is to say, the shopmen, clerks, and footmen, styled them 'your honour.' I endeavoured, from our first interview, to conciliate their good graces by accommodating myself to their ideas, and begged them, 'as is usual in the great world,' to present me to their sisters. The words 'great world' tickled their vanity; and taking me by the arm, they led me into the drawing-room, where there was a large assembly of young ladies, gaudily dressed. Some of them were seated on chairs and on a sofa, others were whispering to each other beside the windows, and some were walking up and down the room. The brothers led me up to their sisters, who fortunately happened to be all in the same place, and introduced me, muttering some words in French. The two oldest were arrayed in the latest, and at the same time the showiest fashion; the youngest was plainly dressed. They made me a curtsy in exact conformity to the rules of the dancing-school; and the oldest sister, in the name of the rest, answered me in French—'*Charmée de faire votre connaissance!*' If fatness and whiteness are to be taken as the standards for beauty, as in the east, and particularly in China, the oldest Miss Moshneem might have passed for the greatest beauty in Pekin, and the second for the next;—only it is a pity that the Chinese have such a predilection for small feet; with us in the north that is very uncommon, and was none of the peculiarities of the two oldest Misses Moshneem. But the youngest was charming, in every sense of the word. From the colour on the face of the oldest sister, and a certain involuntary agitation, I conjectured that the wily *svakha* had already broken the ice with her. It was observable at the same time that all the guests peeped at me through their eyelashes, and then stared in each others' faces, and whispered together. Considering it improper to continue the conversation with one young lady in the midst of a circle of silent observers, I made my bow, and withdrew with my new friends into the other room. We were forthwith summoned to dinner, and I was seated between the two young gentlemen, of course at the respectable end of the table. Any sort of general conversation was out of the question during dinner. Officers talked together about promotions and new evolutions; civilians, about new ukazes and changes in the ministry and public offices; dabbles in law, about crimes and punishments; merchants, about the course of exchange, fresh bankruptcies, and the prices of the day. Some of the mercantile youth, and among the rest the young Moshneems, displayed their knowledge of horses, fashionable surtouts and vests, the theatre, female singers and dancers. However, amidst all this, none of the guests neglected the more serious part of the business; empty bottles were continually being changed for full ones, by a signal from the landlord, who, sitting at the end of the table, like a Jupiter, by the mere play of his eyebrows, put in motion the whole peculiar system. The voices of the ladies were not audible, except in giving brief answers to questions put now and then by gentlemen. My neighbours emptied bottles without ceasing, ordered the servants to hand us the best wine; and by the time that

the toasts began, the whole company was already *ree*. Half-tipsy footmen ran here and there with bottles, as if they were distracted, spilling the wine upon the guests, and making a prodigious fuss. The drinking of healths was commenced. In the first place the young lady's whose name's-day they were assembled to celebrate; after that, the health of the parents, children, relations, respectable guests individually, the whole company, &c. The fair sex in the mean time were quietly occupied with the dessert. The young ladies pecked the berries like as many little birds; and though they were already crammed to repletion, they continued to swallow fruits and confections, in small mouthfuls, with every appearance of satisfaction. Although quite disposed for merriment, I could not join in that of the young Moshneems, at the expense of their parents. At every awkwardness of papa and mamma, the dear little children laughed, concealing their faces with their table-napkins, and winking across the table to their oldest sisters. The sons called their father the scoopish old clerk, and their mother the counter; and even cracked their jokes aloud in French. The worthy parents, who did not understand a word of what they said, seemed quite pleased to hear their children speaking a foreign language. I was drawn, in spite of myself, to reflect upon the worthlessness of that system of education which, exclusively cultivating outward shew, and leaving moral principle out of sight, makes us look down upon the condition in which we were born; and, by implanting false notions of self-importance, stifles in the heart the feelings of nature."

Truly this picture brings us home. We now cordially recommend these volumes to our readers. If read as a mere romance, we doubt its obtaining that popularity in England with which it has been received in Russia—priority being an author's best security of success: here he has many rivals in amusement, and there he has none. But *Ivan Vejeeghen* is full of curious information and original and animated scenes. The translator has executed his task with much fidelity and spirit. We think, however, that a little more softening of some of the coarser scenes would have been desirable.

*Aldine Poets, XIII. The Poetical Works of Alexander Pope, Vol. I. London, 1831. Pickering.*

As elegant a volume as any of its predecessors, with a very interesting portrait of Pope. An accurate and industriously collected memoir of the poet, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, is affixed, with, however, no striking novelty to call for extract.

*Framingham; a Narrative of the Castle. In Four Cantos. By James Bird. pp. 181. London, 1831. Baldwin and Cradock.*

An interesting story, very poetically told, but depending too much on the attraction of narrative to admit of advantageous extract. A very beautiful view of the fine old castle, bosome deep in woods, gives locality to some graceful description. There are also some amusing notes.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

##### THE NIGER, &c.

WE are glad to hear that Mr. Murray has given Messrs. Landers a thousand guineas for their journal: this is some reward to cheer them after all the fatigues and dangers of their travel; and we know it is also the intention

of the noble and liberal Secretary for the colonies, within whose department their services have been performed, to mark by more than barren praise the sense which government entertains of their merit. While mentioning the subject, we may state, on the authority of a very intelligent friend who has just reached England from the coast of Africa, that the natives and merchants residing there agree in their representation, that "all the rivers from the Volta to the old Calabar (including a space of at least five hundred miles) communicate with each other; which inland communication, they told our informant, was frequently used in the intercourse between one nation and another, in preference to going in their canoes along the coast. The country, they assured him, is so intersected by swamps and rivers, and so thickly covered with wood, that it is almost impossible to get from place to place except by water." This accounts for the climate being so fatal to Europeans.

##### M. BONPLAND.

AT length tidings have been received of this eminent naturalist. The following is a copy of a letter published in the *Lucero* of the 29th March.

St. Borja, 22d February, 1831.

"My dear and old friend,—Convinced of the lively interest that you have always taken in my fate, I hasten to inform you of my departure from Paraguay. After twenty months' delay at Itapua, where I formed and left a second agricultural establishment, I at last set out for the Parana, by superior order of 2d of February. The 8th found me at the banks of this river, and on the 15th I arrived at San Borja. The bearer of this is Señor Araujo, a Portuguese merchant, whom I knew in Itapua. I entreat you to render him every service, should an opportunity offer. The excessive rise in the waters of this river has not permitted me to transport all my baggage: as soon as this is accomplished, I shall proceed to visit the towns of the Misiones, on the left of the Uruguay; after which I shall go to Corrientes, where I hope to find all that I left there, especially my books, which are extremely necessary to me, in consequence of the loss I have sustained of many works in the first months of my arrival at Paraguay. From Corrientes I shall return, probably, to San Borja, to arrange my affairs, and afterwards shall journey to Buenos Ayres, where I have so much desire and so much necessity to arrive. In order to put an end to the melancholy suppositions which you and all my friends must naturally have made relative to my existence during the nine years of my detention in Paraguay, I must tell you that I have passed as happy a life as could be expected by one deprived of all communication with his country, his family, and his friends. The practice of medicine has always afforded me the means of subsistence; but as this did not entirely occupy my time, I employed myself, from disposition and necessity, in agriculture, which has given me infinite enjoyments. At the same time I had established a manufactory of brandy and liqueurs, and likewise a carpenter's and a blacksmith's shop, which not only defrayed the expenses of my agricultural establishment, but yielded some profits from the work performed for private individuals. In this manner I had acquired the means of living with the greatest comfort. On the 12th May, 1820, without any preliminary, the authorities of Santiago communicated to me the order of the supreme director to leave the country. This intimation was a



mixture of justice and wrong, which I cannot yet account for in a positive manner. In short, driven about from 12th May, 1829, to 2d Feb. 1831, that is, during twenty months and twenty days, I at length passed the Parana with all the honours of war. This second epoch of my life in Paraguay has been real punishment to me. I had never given any one cause of complaint.—I had endeavoured to gain the esteem of all. Even the supreme dictator, from my arrival in the republic, until 12th May, 1829, had allowed me the greatest liberty, and the heads of the department in which I was domiciliated, treated me with kindness. At last, as every thing has an end, the director definitively decreed my departure from Paraguay, and has done it in the most generous manner. I am at liberty, and soon hope to embrace you.

"Please to give a thousand remembrances to all my friends who recollect me, as I have no time to write to them. During my detention I had not forgot any one; and without geographical maps I have still travelled a great deal. During nine successive years I have not once spoken French; I therefore hope you will excuse the defects and faults in this letter. Adieu, my dear M. Roguin; I am impatient to see you, and I am going to conclude, as fast as possible, the trifling affairs which detain me here. Your fellow-countryman and sincere friend,

"AIME BONPLAND."  
"To M. Dominique Roguin."

#### COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

SIR HENRY HALFORD, Bart. in the chair.—This was the last assembly for the season. Dr. Francis Hawkins, the registrar, read a paper, in which Dr. Gregory, physician to the Small-pox Hospital, explained the grounds on which he had been led to form the conclusion, that the cause of the frequent failure of cow-pox to protect the constitution completely against the attacks of small-pox, is to be sought for, not so much in any imperfect performance of vaccination, nor in the nature of the variolous poison itself, as in the inability of cow-pox to render the constitution insensible to its own influence beyond a certain time. The shortest period in which Dr. Gregory has observed the immunity from cow-pox, in consequence of vaccination, to wear out, is ten years; and when the immunity ceases, it is reasonable to suppose that the constitution is left again obnoxious to small-pox; and Dr. Gregory is then in the habit of recommending *re-vaccination*. But in many instances the immunity, both from cow-pox and small-pox, lasts for a much longer period. And even when it ceases to exist in perfection, it generally has still sufficient power to mitigate the severity, and diminish the danger of small-pox occurring subsequently to vaccination.—A paper was then read, communicated by Dr. Wilson, which was drawn up by the late James Wilson, Esq., at the request of Sir Joseph Banks, for the information of the Royal Society. In this paper were related the particulars of a case, in which the veins that usually supply the liver with venous blood for the secretion of bile, were found to enter the vena cava without passing through the liver, and this organ received no other supply of blood than that furnished by the hepatic artery, although bile appeared to have been formed in quantity and quality the same as usual.

\* From the *British Pocket* of April 2, kindly forwarded to us from Buenos Ayres.—Ed. L. G.

#### CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JULY.

3<sup>d</sup> 12<sup>h</sup>—the Earth in aphelion, and the diameter of the Sun at its minimum of 31' 31": the motion of the Earth is also slowest, the arc it describes being only 57' 11" 6 in a mean solar day. 23<sup>d</sup> 4<sup>h</sup> 28<sup>m</sup>—the Sun enters Leo, its place in the heavens being among the small stars in Cancer.

#### Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
☾ Last Quarter in Pisces .....	2	11	40
☾ New Moon in Gemini .....	9	1	47
☾ First Quarter in Virgo .....	16	6	3
☾ Full Moon in Capricornus .....	24	9	5
☾ Last Quarter in Cetus .....	31	17	41

#### The Moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Mercury in Gemini .....	8	3	40
Mars in Cancer .....	10	21	20
Saturn in Leo .....	12	1	45
Venus in Leo .....	12	10	45
Jupiter in Capricornus .....	25	20	0

8<sup>d</sup>—Mercury in his ascending node. 12<sup>d</sup>—in perihelion. 19<sup>d</sup> 12<sup>h</sup>—in superior conjunction.

5<sup>d</sup> 14<sup>h</sup>—Venus in conjunction with Regulus. 7<sup>d</sup> 13<sup>h</sup>—with Saturn: difference of latitude 12'. This will be an interesting phenomenon: though the closest approach will not be visible, yet, previously to the setting of these planets at 10<sup>h</sup> 15<sup>m</sup>, they may be seen in the same field of view of the telescope—Saturn shining with dimmed lustre, and Venus with sparkling brilliancy. The following will be the proportions of the illuminated and dark disc of Venus:

Illuminated disc .....	= 7.247 digits.
Dark part .....	= 4.753

and the proportion of the smaller to the greater axis of the ring of Saturn will be as 184 is to 1000. 24<sup>d</sup> 17<sup>h</sup>—Venus in her descending node. 26<sup>d</sup> 14<sup>h</sup>—in conjunction with Leonis. 30<sup>d</sup>—at her greatest elongation (45° 43'). The angular distance of Venus from the Sun is not a constant quantity, but varies according to the position of her elliptical orbit relative to that of the Earth: its maximum distance is attained when the planet is in its aphelion, and the Earth in its perihelion; it is then 47° 48'; its minimum when the planet is in its perihelion, and the Earth in its aphelion, in which situation the angle of elongation is 44° 57'. It now appears as a half-moon, and will be increasingly interesting as a telescopic object till the month of October, gradually waning away to a delicate crescent form.

Mars is too remote from the Earth and too near the Sun for satisfactory observation.

#### The Asteroids.

	D.	H.	M.	S.	N.D.	21	22	23	24
Vesta .. 3 R.A.	5	36	0	.....	21	20	0	.....	21
11 .....	5	51	0	.....	21	29	0	.....	21
19 .....	6	20	0	.....	21	32	0	.....	21
27 .....	5	53	0	.....	14	38	0	.....	14
Juno .. 3	6	11	0	.....	14	34	0	.....	14
11 .....	6	30	0	.....	14	21	0	.....	14
19 .....	6	46	0	.....	14	0	0	.....	14
Pallas .. 3	19	50	0	.....	19	53	0	.....	19
15 .....	19	40	44	.....	19	20	8	.....	19
20 .....	19	36	42	.....	18	55	1	.....	18
21 .....	19	35	54	.....	18	49	14	.....	18
22 .....	19	35	6	.....	18	43	12	.....	18
33 .....	19	34	18	.....	18	36	56	.....	18
24 .....	19	33	31	.....	18	30	24	.....	18
31 .....	19	29	10	.....	17	38	18	.....	17
Ceres .. 3	21	34	0	S.D.	23	42	0	.....	23
11 .....	21	31	0	.....	26	36	0	.....	26
19 .....	21	26	0	.....	27	32	0	.....	27
27 .....	21	19	0	.....	28	26	0	.....	28

Two only of the Asteroids will this year be in opposition to the Sun, Pallas and Ceres; of these, Pallas only will be favourably situated, the other will be too far south for satisfactory observation in this hemisphere. Pallas may be seen, early in the month, in the Via Lactea, half a degree north of  $\gamma$  Sagittæ; about the middle of the month it will pass close to  $\zeta$ , and

the 23<sup>d</sup> be in opposition, between  $\alpha$  and  $\lambda$ . This small planet may be distinguished by its ruddy colour, which is, however, not so intense as that of Ceres: its light is very variable, sometimes appearing pale and enveloped with vapours, at other seasons shining forth distinctly, and exhibiting a defined disc. The constellation (Sagittæ) in which this asteroid will be in opposition, though occupying but a small space in the heavens (15° by 4'), is remarkable for several interesting telescopic objects, among which are the following:  $\zeta$  and  $\alpha$  are double stars; near the former of these is a triple star; there are also two double stars near  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$ ;  $\delta$  and  $\chi$  are triple stars; between  $\gamma$  and  $\delta$  is a nebula; there are also richly compressed clusters of stars, and a nebula with a defined planetary disc, 30' or 40' in diameter;  $\delta$ , it is supposed, has increased in magnitude since the time of Flamsteed—it is now larger than  $\alpha$  and  $\beta$ . The origin of this constellation (Sagittæ), according to the Greeks, may be traced to one of the arrows with which Hercules killed the vulture that gnawed the liver of Prometheus, whom Vulcan chained to Mount Caucasus, by order of Jupiter.

The planet Jupiter is rapidly gaining on the summer even, and towards the latter part of the month will divide the empire of the heavens with Venus, the former rising, pure and magnificent, to shine with splendour during the brief interval of night, and the latter following in the train of the glorious Sun, to send forth trembling floods of radiance over the western world. 27<sup>d</sup>—Jupiter in conjunction with  $\nu$  Capricorni.

#### Eclipses of the Satellites.

	D.	H.	M.	S.
First Satellite, immersion ..	11	12	35	42
18 .....	14	30	5	.....
27 .....	10	53	12	.....
Second Satellite .....	1	11	25	53
8 .....	14	0	44	.....
Third Satellite .....	11	13	29	48
Fourth Satellite .....	24	13	33	19

Saturn is gradually fading away in the bright glow of the setting Sun.

Uranus in Capricornus is advancing to a favourable situation for observation.

Depford.

J. T. B.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### FAMILY PAPERS.

OUR account of the Cecil Papers must render it gratifying news to the lovers of our native historical literature to hear that Mr. John Martin is similarly employed in arranging the papers of the Marquess of Downshire's ancestors—the Trumbulls. They extend from the period of James the First to Queen Anne. The first Mr. Trumbull, who was resident at the court of Brussels, we understand, collected during his political career a vast number of curious documents from his diplomatic brethren; among which are the original and curious negotiations for the marriage of Charles the First and the Infanta. The papers of the last Sir William Trumbull, our ambassador at Paris and Constantinople, and afterwards secretary of state during the reigns of James II. and William and Mary, are also reported to be very curious. It is probable that some of the most valuable may, with the noble owner's permission, be given to the public.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### PICTURE CLEANING, &c.

THERE are few arts the fair practice of which is of more interest to the lover of paintings than the art of picture cleaning. By many of

the processes hitherto employed, we have seen the noblest works of the great masters altered or destroyed; and the modern hand so evident upon a multitude of pictures, is only a proof of the anxiety to restore that which unskillfulness and injurious agents have conspired to damage. We have of late had trial made upon several pictures, of a composition discovered by Signor L. Joffroy, Professor of Painting and Miniature Painter, in which we are assured the use of spirits is abandoned, and the effect of which has been perfectly satisfactory to us. The original features and colours of these works have been well and clearly brought out from the obscurity with which time and negligence had covered them; and they now look as fresh as if just from the easel. Having ourselves made such agreeable experience of Signor Joffroy's talent, we are sure we shall be obliging many of our friends by mentioning the circumstance.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The National Portrait Gallery, &c. With Memoirs by W. Jerdan, Esq., F.S.A., &c. Part XXVII. London, 1831. Fisher, Son, and Co.*

THIS Part contains portraits of Lord Lyndoch, Sir Walter Scott, and the Earl of Albemarle; the first and last after Lawrence, and the second after a fine head by J. Graham, beautifully engraved by Woolnoth. Such a production is alone sufficient to make the fortune of a Number. The romantic military career of "the gallant Graham" is a good contrast to the literary life of the great poet.

*Sketches in Italy. Drawn on stone by W. Linton. No. IV.*

THE fourth Number of this interesting work contains views of "Turin," "Il Ponte Rotto," "Florence," "Mecenas's Villa at Tivoli," "Venice," "Ruined Palace, Bay of Naples," "Perugia," and "Temple of Vesta, Tivoli;" in all of which Mr. Linton has fully maintained the high character which he established in the preceding portions of the publication.

*Picturesque Gleanings in the North. A Series of Lithographic Prints, from original Pictures by C. Terry; drawn on stone by H. O'Neil. No. I. Ackermann.*

SLIGHT, but pretty.

*Illustrations of Don Quixote. Designed by Henry Alken; engraved by John Zeitter. Part I. Tilt.*

If ever name was auspicious to an undertaking, that of Tilt as the publisher of illustrations of knight-errantry is surely so. We regret, however, to add, that we have been disappointed in the expectations which that apparently happy coincidence excited. Repeated experience has, indeed, shewn that it requires great taste and skill to preserve the breadth of Cervantes' humour, and yet to avoid caricature. We cannot congratulate Mr. Alken on his success.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### INFANCY.

"The smile of childhood on the cheek of age."

A CHILD beside a mother kneels,  
With eyes of holy love,  
And fain would lip the vow it feels  
To Him enthron'd above.

That cherub gaze, that stainless brow  
So exquisitely fair!—

Who would not be an infant now,  
To breathe an infant's prayer?

No sin hath shaded its young heart,

The eye scarce knows a tear;—

'Tis bright enough from earth to part,  
And grace another sphere!

And I was once a happy thing,

Like that which now I see;

No may-bird, on ecstatic wing,  
More beautifully free:

The cloud that bask'd in noontide glow,

The flower that danced and shone—

All hues and sounds, above, below,  
Were joys to feast upon!

Let wisdom smile.—I oft forgot

The colder haunts of men,

To hie where infant hearts are met,  
And be a child again;

To look into the laughing eyes,

And see the wild thoughts play,

While o'er each cheek a thousand dies  
Of mirth and meaning stray.

Oh! manhood, could thy spirit kneel

Beside that sunny child,

As fondly pray, and purely feel,  
With soul as undefiled—

That moment would encircle thee

With light and love divine;

Thy gaze might dwell on Deity,  
And heaven itself be thine!

R. MONTGOMERY.

Lincoln Coll. Oxon.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE STORMING OF ROME IN 1527.

By Giovanni Bonaparte.

UNDER the title of *Sac de Rome, écrit en 1527, par Jacques Bonaparte, témoin oculaire*—(traduit de l'Italien par N. L. B. pp. 91)—the translator, the Count de St. Leu, better known as Louis Bonaparte, has had printed at the grand ducal press at Florence a valuable document left by one of his ancestors, relative to the storming and plunder of Rome by the imperial troops under the Constable of Bourbon. In the introduction he has given some genealogical particulars concerning the Bonaparte family. The earliest mention of the Bonapartes occurs in Bonifazio's History of Treviso at the year 1178, when Giovanni Bonaparte was sent as envoy of the Trevisans to Padua, to learn the sentiments of that city. This Giovanni was one of the first knights of the Spanish order of San Jago, instituted in 1170, and founder of the hospital of that order in his native city. In a treaty of peace between the cities of Padua, Verona, Vicenza, and Treviso, in the year 1208, he appears as one of the witnesses. His son Bonisperio is mentioned among the nobles of the country in 1219. The knight Nordillo Bonaparte was one of the hostages whom Treviso was obliged to send in 1258 to Ezzelin de Romano. In 1268 he gave security, in some matter relating to the tolls, for Conradin of Swabia; and, as Syndic of Treviso, he concluded in 1271 a treaty of commerce between that city and Venice. In the following year he was Podesta of Parma. He afterwards founded an hospital at Treviso, and died on the 3d of April, 1290. His brother Pietro appears in 1312 in a league of the nobles against the tyrant of his native city. In 1313 he was, as one of the *quatuor viri sapientes*, ambassador to Gran Cane della Scala, Lord of Verona. In 1318 he was Podesta of Padua, and in the following year ambassador at the court of Frederic of Austria. Towards the end of the fourteenth century the family appears to have removed to San Miniato del

Tedesco, in Tuscany; and its name frequently occurs among the partisans of the Ghibellines there, in Florence, and in other places. In later times we find several scholars of the family, and among others Nicolo Bonaparte, who introduced the study of jurisprudence at the university of Pisa. Another of the same name was, about the middle of the fifteenth century, clerk of the papal chamber, as appears from a sepulchral inscription in the church of San Francesco, at San Miniato. Giovanni Jacobo lived at Rome in the Orsini Palace, and there described as an eye-witness the plunder of the city in 1527. Finally, in 1612, Ludovico Maria Fortuna Bonaparte, of Sarzana, settled at Ajaccio in Corsica, during the war with the Genoese.

The account of the sacking of Rome is an interesting contribution to the history of the sixteenth century: it is written in a spirit of equity and moderation, and is the more worthy of attention, inasmuch as we possess no well-authenticated historical narrative of this melancholy event; and all that we find on the subject in contemporaneous memoirs—for instance, in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini—is unconnected, and full of errors. The latter, it is well known, among other things, arrogates to himself the merit of having killed the Constable of Bourbon, which, considering the locality of the Castle of St. Angelo, is almost impossible.

The following passage may serve as a specimen of the author's manner:—

"The army, despairing of the reduction of the castle—[the Castle of St. Angelo, in which Clement VII. and many prelates of the church had taken refuge] divided itself into several bodies, which proceeded to the different quarters of the city. As they passed along, they found the fathers and mothers of families sitting at the thresholds of the palaces, or at the entrances of the houses, inconsolable for the loss of their children slain in the struggle, and full of gloomy apprehension of the calamity that yet impended over the unfortunate city. These wretched creatures, dressed in mourning, offered to the enemy their houses and all they possessed, and with floods of tears supplicated for their lives. The hearts of the rude soldiers were not touched by their prayers: as if stimulated by the sound of drums and fifes to the massacre, they fell sword in hand upon the petitioners, and slaughtered all whom they could come at, without distinction of age or sex. Foreigners were not spared any more than the Romans themselves; for, from the mere thirst of blood, they, like furies, shot and cut in pieces the one as well as the other. Exasperated by the death of their leader, they disgraced themselves by cruelties to which history scarcely presents a parallel. As they found none to offer resistance, they were soon absolute masters of the ancient and noble city, which was as full of treasures as an army intent on plunder could desire. The Spaniards were first tired of the slaughter, and felt some sentiments of humanity and compassion revive within them towards men, who, though their enemies, were yet Christians. They ceased to slaughter, and made prisoners. When the Germans perceived that the Spaniards had discontinued to avail themselves of what was called the right of war, they began to suspect treachery. The Spanish officers represented to them that the city was taken; that being abandoned by those who should have defended it, so that they had themselves nothing more to fear; and that, as the inhabitants had concealed their most valuable

treasures, it would be wise to spare their lives, in order to make them reveal their hiding-places. The Germans yielded to these arguments. They now seized all passengers and those whom they found at the doors of their houses, and forced them to open their apartments, which they immediately stripped of every thing of value. But they were not content with this: the women were exposed to the most horrible outrages. No one durst so much as raise his voice against these atrocities; it was forbidden to weep over sufferings which would have softened hearts of stone, and moved the very damned. These barbarians paid no regard either to high rank, or to the prayers of beauty, or to the tears of mothers: their hearts were closed against every humane feeling. Daughters were seen throwing themselves into the arms of their wretched mothers, and mothers seizing soldiers by the beard and by the hair to pull them back—but to no purpose. Entreaties, resistance, only served to aggravate their fury. The fettered fathers and husbands, paralysed with horror, had no more tears, no voice for lamentation. They gazed vacantly on, inanimate as statues. Some mothers, unable longer to endure the sight, tore their own eyes out; others hurried into subterranean cellars, where they soon found relief in death. Amidst the general consternation, however, some traits of Roman firmness were displayed. Several fathers buried their daggers in the hearts of their daughters, rather than suffer them to fall into the hands of the barbarians."

But turn we from this scene of horror, which, a century later, was so hideously re-acted in the heart of Germany, at the destruction of Magdeburg.—*Desultory Foreign Reading.*

#### DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

THE piece brought out at Lablache's benefit, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, has proved so attractive, that it has been repeated several times since. The music is by Gnecco, a composer who lived before the "new order of things;" and it thus gives us the rare satisfaction of hearing something that is not *à la Rossini*. The opera contains many amusing scenes. The subject is the getting up of a serious opera, parts of which are rehearsed at the house of the *prima donna*, and in the theatre. There is a plot arising from a love-affair between this lady and the principal tenor; but the drama is so mangled by compression into one act, that little or nothing can be made of the story. Pasta is delightful as the singing lady: the versatility of her talent seems wonderful. In the arch and whimsical creature before us, we could not discover a vestige of the haughty *Semiramide*, or the furious enchantress *Medea*. Every thing she did was playful and grotesque, yet as far as possible from vulgarity. There is a native elegance about Pasta that never leaves her; and even her burlesque singing, though ludicrous in the extreme, is enchantingly graceful. Lablache, in the part of the composer, displayed the richest humour. The quarrel scene between Pasta and him produced roars of laughter from every part of the house. We heartily wish we could see these great performers together in some other comic characters: we are wearied with the monotony of two or three serious operas, which become fatiguing when eternally repeated, even by Pasta. She plays *Zerlina* charmingly: why has she done it only once this season? and why has she not performed

some other comic parts? We are sure that her not doing so is neither for her own interest nor that of the manager.

##### HAYMARKET.

PREVIOUS to noticing the new two-act comedy produced here last Tuesday, we feel called upon to advert to some of the vices which have grown to so high a pitch at this house as to remove it almost wholly from the place it occupied in public opinion and degrade it below the standard of the least regular sub-urban minor. The boast of the Haymarket used to be, sterling pieces, represented (and consequently seen to advantage) on a small theatre, and by talents of the foremost class. It was, with these attractions, for many years the resort of many of the true lovers of the genuine drama. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*. The alternations, now, are, in chief, from operas miserably performed by wretched musicians, to comedies enacted in a manner which would be hissed in a barn: for one or two good singers are only lost in an opera otherwise wretchedly sustained; and one or two excellent comedians can do but little for a play, where the rest of the cast is worse than "leather and prunella." On Tuesday, *As You Like It* was done in such a way as we never saw any thing like it on London boards; nor in the poorest provincial town, by the poorest strolling players, could this fine composition be more completely murdered. Cooper, as *Jagges*, alone was respectable; and simply because his part is principally soliloquising, and does not depend upon the association around him,—such association as rendered (we hope it was *that*) Miss Taylor's *Rosalind* very indifferent. Were the efficient representation of popular entertainments the real object pursued at the Haymarket, we should not have to arraign this system of mismanagement, which equally pervades the other departments. But there are different attractions in view, and the conduct of all concerned is squared accordingly. The vulgar insolence of the officials about the house is in perfect keeping with the rest; and until towards midnight, the system does not work well at all. Then it becomes apparent enough what is the principal intent and purpose of the Little Theatre; and why it contrives to keep open house till one, or half-past one o'clock. Five-act comedies, begun after eleven o'clock, no matter how acted, do as well as any thing else to congregate the drunk and the dissolute, whom these late hours find afloat upon the town,—the passages and the lobbies overflow, and, as there is no half-price, that amount which might be obtained by dramatic merit from respectability at seven, is at least partially supplied by resources from no respectability whatever, at and after twelve. We sincerely regret to see our once favourite theatre so deplorably perverted. But we turn to the novelty, a *Friend at Court*, adapted by Mr. Planché, in prose, from *La Fille d'Honneur*, in verse. Farren, as the rich, kind-hearted old pedlar, was exquisite throughout. Miss Taylor played the principal female character, and played it beautifully. The scene between her and Farren was quite perfect; her acting and attitude on deciding not to become maid of honour to the electress, learning at the same time she is intended to be mistress to the young prince, was extremely graceful. The other parts were well played by Cooper, Mrs. Faucet, Brindall, and Vining. Altogether, this is one of Planché's hits, quite equal, in its way, to *Charles the Twelfth*; and we can bestow no higher panegyric upon any drama of its order.

MR. ARNOLD, we observe, is under the necessity of opening another season at the Adelphi Theatre; but this will be the last of the performances of the English Opera company in that establishment, as the building of the projected new theatre, for which 30,000*l.* is subscribed, will positively commence in September next, to be ready for opening in May 1832. For the present short summer season Mr. Arnold has added to his company Mr. John Reeve, whose comic capabilities, together with those of Wrench, Miss Kelly, and the usual excellent assortment of talent engaged in the English Opera's *corps dramatique*, will, without doubt, ensure good houses.

THIS has been, dramatically speaking, a conclusive week. Covent Garden closed on Monday, with Miss Kemble in *Juliet*; on Thursday Mathews and Yates ceased to be *At Home*, after having seen and entertained a great deal of company throughout the whole season; and last night the French Plays also finished at the Adelphi.

##### IL SIGNOR PAGANINI!

WE were among the first to spread the continental fame, and have been among the most cordial to hail the extraordinary talents exhibited by this performer in England. But, though we should rejoice in his combined success for months to come, we cannot but reprobate the impudent effrontery with which declared "last nights" are followed (if it can be called *followed*, where the advertisements are sent to the newspapers before these last nights occur) by the announcement of farther concerts. This is a most disreputable and offensive course. No one ought to begrudge to unequalled powers even lavish reward; but it is disagreeable to see trick and charlatanism added to the fair claim of merit and genius.

##### SIGNOR DE BEGNIS' CONCERT.

ON Wednesday one of the best and most crowded concerts of the season was given by this popular singer, at the rooms in the King's Theatre. The whole of the entertainments were admirably chosen and finely executed. The aria, "Bel raggio," was sweetly sung by Madame Meesi; and the aria, "Ah, se estino!" hardly less so by Madame Raimboux. We also greatly admired the terzetto, "Pappasaci, che mai sento," by Signori Rubini, Lenox, and De Begnis; a Swiss air, by Madame Stockhausen (accompanied on the harp by M. Stockhausen); "Io! here the gentle lark," by Miss Bellchambers, with flute obligato by Mr. Nicholson; the terzetto, "Cruda sorte," by Mesdames Stockhausen and Raimboux and Signor Torri; and the Gran Solo Violino by Signor Paganini. But indeed the entire concert was so effectual, that to do it justice, we should do nothing but praise every individual performance and performer. De Begnis has made himself particularly acceptable to the British public; and he merits the highest patronage both by his talents and conduct.

AMONG our other musical attractions of the day, we observe that the boy George Aspull, whom we noticed as an instance of extraordinary precocity so long ago as June 1824 (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 386), has returned to London, after travelling over the kingdom, and is about to give a morning concert. His powers, we understand, are more fully developed by seven years of practice; and we shall be curious to ascertain how one of our young phenomena has justified the promise of his early genius.



## VARIETIES.

**Aquatic Excursion.**—Our friends of the Printers' Pension Society have appointed Monday for their fourth annual aquatic excursion, and for the benefit of the fund of that excellent institution. The *Venus* steamer is the appointed vessel, and the excursion to the Nore, including a visit to the *Royal George*, of 120 guns, by permission of the Lords of the Admiralty. Wishing prosperity to the charity, we cannot also but wish a pleasant and a profitable trip to the *Venus*.

**St. Mary-le-bone Institution.**—We are glad to see, from a prospectus recently issued, that this rich and populous quarter of the town is about to establish an institution for science, literature, and art. It is to consist of reading-rooms and a library; to have weekly meetings, where original papers will be read, and objects of virtue, &c. shown; lectures, a museum, &c. &c. Every one must wish well to such establishments for the diffusion of intelligence, and the better occupation of time than in frivolous pursuits or dissipation.

**The Periodical Press.**—From an incidental discussion in the House of Commons on Tuesday, it appears that the country is again teeming with low-priced publications of the most disgraceful and demoralising character. It is worthy of remark, that this most important of all subjects should have elicited only very limited, partial, and party opinions—that no one member should have risen to take a broad and enlightened view of it. The press, whether it operates for good or evil, deserves more attention, both from the executive power and the legislature, than has yet been bestowed upon it. It mingles with, fashions, controls, defeats, excites, or promotes every other measure; and yet this elemental principle is itself the least under wise direction of any component part of government. There are, and indeed there must be, laws to which it is amenable; but, for all general effects, parliament and the public may depend upon it, the *bad in the press* is only to be counteracted by the *good in the press*, and the encouragement of the latter is the only means of neutralising the poisons of the former.

**Industry of Birds.**—Dr. Steel, who lives near the mineral springs of Saratoga, in New York, has ascertained that the bank swallow (*hirundo riparia*) knows how to vary, according to necessity, the construction of its nest. If it finds sandy banks, it bores holes in them, and thus forms for its future family a commodious habitation, into which none of their enemies can enter. When this resource is wanting, it approaches the houses, and, although less accustomed to man than the swallow of the windows, it attaches its nest to granaries, farm-yard sheds, and similar edifices; and then, it being necessary to build instead of to dig, it selects materials, transports them, and puts them in their proper places. It thus appears that this species of swallow has not essentially the habits indicated by its specific name; but that it will live contentedly wherever it can find food, safety, and the charms of society; for isolated families, or solitary nests, are never seen. A little colony, which established itself in the neighbourhood of Saratoga in 1828, increased so rapidly, that in 1830 it consisted of several hundreds of nests.

**Weeds.**—The annoyance of grass or weeds springing up between the stones of pavement, and in gravel-walks, &c. may be got rid of for years by watering with a solution of lime and sulphur in boiling water.

**Ladies' Bazar.**—The proceeds of the Bazar lately held in the Regent's Park, for the benefit of the Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, are intended more especially to be devoted towards erecting a spacious building for the reception of deaf and dumb children, for the purpose of whose cure a mode of treatment is proposed to be adopted, which, we are assured, has, when had recourse to early, been very successful in restoring hearing and speech. Such an object is certainly deserving of public encouragement.

**New Peers.**—A French publication, in giving a list of the vice-presidents of the Royal Humane Society, has made some whimsical mistakes. Among them we find—Comte de Stamford, Duc de Romney, Duc de Powis, Duc d'Eldon, Lord Prudhoe, &c. The college honours of some of the chaplains of the Society are also oddly enough printed as names, thus: D. D. R. Yates.—D. D. Rev. T. G. Aikland.—M. A. Rev. Jackman, M.A.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XXVII. July 2.]  
The Holy City of Benares, illustrated in a series of plates, by James Prinsep, Esq.—The Rev. William Liddiard, author of the "Legend of Einsidlin," is about to publish a Tour in Switzerland.—Captain Head is preparing a Series of Views to illustrate the Scenery in an Overland Journey from Europe to India.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. XX. History of Poland, in 1 vol. small 8s. cloth.—The Rev. William Liddiard, Vol. VI. Memoirs of the House of Bourbon, Vol. I. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Blake on Free Will, 8vo. 7s. bds.—Dibdin's Sunday Library, Vol. IV. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. IV. 8vo. 12s. cloth.—Ronald's Catalogue of Apples, coloured plates, 4to. 5s. cloth.—Strickland's Enthusiasm, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Van Diemen's Land Almanac for 1831, 12mo. 5s. sd.—Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, by Croker, 5 vols. 8vo. 3s. bds.—Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1s. bds.—Standard Novels, No. V. Godwin's St. Leon, 12mo. 6s. cloth.—Philosophy in Sport, by Dr. Paris, 3 vols. 8vo. 15s. bds.—Ritson's Fairy Tales, crown 8vo. 9s. bds.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XIV. Pope, Vol. II. 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. III. Humphrey Clinker, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Knowledge for the People, Zoological series, 8mo. 4s. cloth.—Evans' Walk through Wales, 4th edit. by J. N. Brewer, 12mo. 8s. bd.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot have the pleasure of inserting "the Polish War Song;" nor Miss Mary Anne B.—'s poems from Hampstead Road: nor H.'s Minstrel.  
The song, "If nature's beauties chain thee," cannot be inserted, because, in the first instance, the second line, "If aught have power to calm thee," is a shocking bad rhyme; and sundry other beauties.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

10th June, 1831.

Sir,—In your valuable miscellany of the 4th inst. you have noticed in commendatory terms the improved billiard table now in the gallery of the National Repository; but from the account, it is clear that some erroneous notions on technical points have been conveyed to you, which, though they may pass unnoticed by the general reader, cannot fail to strike the mechanist. The peculiar work of this table, the planing of the cast-iron bed, is effected by an engine, now adopted in the establishments of the principal engineers in the manufacturing districts, for planing the surfaces of metal. The planing-engine is applied to a great variety of work, as it cuts flat, angular, and even curved forms, not only with an unprecedented facility, but with a precision that hand-work could never attain. In working the cuts by the tool are, when repeated over a surface, not crossed, as you have understood, but made in the same direction—the adjustments of the engine enabling you to finish any surface without shifting the work from the position in which it was originally bolted on the bed of the machine. The metal bed of the improved billiard-table has been wrought on the largest of these engines which has been constructed, and its extent and power may in some measure be judged of by the specimen of work in this instance turned out; the surface thus mechanically brought to a true plane being 72 square feet, the full-sized billiard-table being 12 feet by 6 ft. The same engine would cut with equal accuracy a surface of twice this length. The introduction of the planing-engine is perhaps the most important improvement which has been made in our time for facilitating and perfecting the construction of machinery, and other structures of metal demanding accuracy and finish.—I am, Sir, &c.

CHARLES TOLPIS.

13, Finsbury Place, Goswell Road.

## ADVERTISEMENTS,

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALE

MALL.  
The Gallery, with a Selection of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, French, and English Schools, is open daily, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening.

Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.  
WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## THE GALLERY OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, Pall Mall East.

WILL CLOSE for the present Season on Saturday, the 10th of the present Month.  
Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.  
Open from Nine till Dusk.  
CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

## THE WEST OF SCOTLAND FOURTH EXHIBITION OF LIVING ARTISTS, under the Patronage of the Glasgow Diligent Society, will open this Season on the 8th of August.

Works of Art intended for this Exhibition will be received from the 11th to the 30th of July.  
(Signed) JOHN CLOW, Secretary.

Exhibition Rooms, Argyle Arcade.

Note.—The Works of Art which the Directors hope to be favoured with from London, may be sent to Messrs. S. Reynolds & Co. Dundee Wharf, Lower Regent, or before the 20th of July, by whom they will be forwarded (carriage free) to Glasgow.

## SOCIETE des PROFESSEURS de LANGUE FRANCAISE.

Preparatory to the Meeting which will be held on the 9th July, at Six o'clock, the Secretary and a Member of the Comité Provisoire will be in attendance, at 8, Carlton Chambers, to receive the names of the Persons wishing to become Members, and to give such information as may be required on the object of the Society.

On Monday, 4th July, from 6 till 8.

On Thursday, 7th, ditto.

On Saturday, 9th, from 4 till 6.

8, Carlton Chambers, Regent Street.

## ARGYLL ROOMS.—The Nobility and

Gentry are most respectfully informed, that J. Turill has at his fashionable Repository, 250, Regent Street (on the site of the late Argyle Rooms), a very large and choice assortment of Stationery, Albums and Scrap-Books, Ladies and Gentlemen's Travelling Cases, Writing Desks, and Dressing Cases, Despatch Boxes and Portfolios, Bibles and Prayer Books, Account Books, Brevets and Ebony Inkstands, Fancy Stationery, &c. &c. T. begs to observe, that the whole of his Stock is entirely new, and warranted of the best manufacture; and particularly invites the Nobility and Gentry at least to try his very cheap and superior Writing Papers, which he offers at the following low prices, for cash: viz. fine Bath 6d. per quire, 9s. per ream; ditto, 6d. per quire, 12s. per ream; ditto, 10d. per quire, 15s. per ream; ditto, 12d. per quire, 18s. per ream; ditto, 14d. per quire, 20s. per ream; ditto, 16d. per quire, 22s. per ream; ditto, 18d. per quire, 24s. per ream; ditto, 20d. per quire, 26s. per ream; ditto, 22d. per quire, 28s. per ream; ditto, 24d. per quire, 30s. per ream; ditto, 26d. per quire, 32s. per ream; ditto, 28d. per quire, 34s. per ream; ditto, 30d. per quire, 36s. per ream; ditto, 32d. per quire, 38s. per ream; ditto, 34d. per quire, 40s. per ream; ditto, 36d. per quire, 42s. per ream; ditto, 38d. per quire, 44s. per ream; ditto, 40d. per quire, 46s. per ream; ditto, 42d. per quire, 48s. per ream; ditto, 44d. per quire, 50s. per ream; 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